Into The Raging Black Ocean

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Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warnings:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death, Rape/Non-Con

Categories:
M/M, F/M

Fandoms:
Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Rising (2007)

Relationships:
Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Other Relationship Tags to Be Added, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger, Past Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter - Relationship, Past Bedelia Du Maurier/Hannibal Lecter - Relationship, past Molly Graham/Will Graham - Relationship, Past One-sided Alana Bloom/Will Graham, Bella Crawford/Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton/Original Female Character(s), Dr. Frederick Chilton/Original Character(s), Past Frederick Chilton/Francis Dolarhyde

Characters:
Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford, Francis Dolarhyde, Freddy Lounds, Other Character Tags to Be Added, Original Characters, Abigail Hobbs, Garret Jaccob Hobbs, Bedelia Du Maurier, Chiyoh (Hannibal), Vladis Grutas, Petras Kolnas, Zigmas Milko, Enrikas Dortlich, Bronys Grentz, Kazys Porvik

Additional Tags:
Graphic Description, Graphic Description of Corpses, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Murder Husbands, Murder, Death, Suicide Attempt, technically, Attempted Murder, Serial Killers, Psychopaths In Love, Idiots in Love, Dorks in Love, everyone in love, jks this is Hannibal we don't do this mushy shit, Well maybe just a bit, ONLY if Will is concerned tho, Murderers, Blood and Gore, Dark Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is a Tease, Sassy Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Post-

Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, On the Run, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, gay as fuck, Dr. Frederick Chilton Lives, Dr. Frederick Chilton will be in this you can bet your ass on that, Dr. Frederick Chilton is a QUEEN, yes the title is a Heathers reference, Canon Continuation, Implied/Referenced Sexual Assault, Implied/Referenced Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Implied/Referenced Sexual Harrassment, Past Sexual Assault, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Alcohol, drunk, Alternate Ending, Violence, Amputation, Cannibalism, Cannibalistic Thoughts, Cannibalism Puns, Will Graham is a Cannibal, any tag for forcing people to eat their own leg before you kill them?, really graphic, Manipulative Relationship, Manipulative Hannibal Lecter, Manipulative Will Graham, Dark Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is Hannibal Lecter, Possessive Will Graham, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia is fucked, Someone Help Will Graham, but Will does not want to be helped, Love Confessions, Will tries to be deep, Will is as deep as a river, Hannibal then one ups him, Hannibal is as deep as the ocean., Tickling, Non-Consensual Tickling, Call da police, actually wait, Don't call the police, Sex, blind folds, Handcuffs, tied up, Bondage, Master/Slave, Dominance, Masochism, carving, Knives, Claiming, Claiming Bites, hickey, Cock Rings, Dildos, Pillow Talk, Declarations Of Love, Falling In Love, Well - Freeform, more like, Finally facing facts that you've got it bad, for an extremely attractive serial killer, and then learning how to deal with it, Dom/sub, How did I forget to add cannibalism to the tags, I am stupid af, POV Alternating, Scars, Everyone is damaged, yes - Freeform, I have found ways to add not just one, but multiple Heathers references, to a Hannibal fanfic, that has nothing to do, with Heathers, you're all welcome, :D, :), ;), Yes all these tags are necessary, Rape, Dark Alana Bloom, Frederick is bitter af, Frederick Chilton deserves happiness, Original Characters will most likely not pop up too often, most original characters willl probably be victims, soooooooo, anyone hungry?, Trauma, Psychological Trauma, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Psychological Torture, Psychological Horror, Psychological Drama, Poor Frederick Chilton, Frederick Chilton needs a hug, THE AUTHOR REALLY LIKES FREDERICK CHILTON, okay, leave me alone, Vulnerable Will Graham, Vulnerable Hannibal Lecter, Vulnerable Frederick Chilton, Feels, Opening Up, Betrayal, Alana and Jack are kind of assholes in this, Poor Will Graham, Poor Will, Poor Life Choices, but that's the story of Will's life tbh, Poor Hannibal Lecter, poor hannibal, Never thought I would tag "poor Hannibal", but here we are, Kidnapping, Torture, Emotional Baggage, Emotional Manipulation, Emotional Hurt, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Emotional, Serial Killer Husbands,

Serial Killer Will Graham, Killer Hannibal Lecter, most characters listed are only mentioned though, only jack alana will hannibal frederick and my ocs show up, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Frederick Chilton isn't a complete ass, but he does have sASS, Abuse, Abusive Relationships, Obsession, Ratings: R, Rape/Non-con Elements, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Rape Recovery, Rape Aftermath, Threats of Rape/Non-Con, Mind Rape, Mind Games, Mindfuck, Mind Manipulation, Mind Palace, Mind Control, Past Mind Control, Implied/Referenced Mind Control, Hypnotism, Verbal Abuse, Past Sexual Abuse, Past Abuse, Physical Abuse, Sexual Abuse, Graphic Description of Rape/Non-con, Non-Consensual, Non-Canon Relationship, Dubcon or Noncon Moirallegiance, Eye Trauma, Forced Eye Contact, Eye Gouging, Blue Eyes, Eyes, Green Eyes, Eye Color, red eyes, Brown Eyes, Stabbing, Organs, Disembowelment, throat slitting, Cutting, Gay Sex, Cutting off arms and legs, Self-Harm, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Self-Hatred, Self-Esteem Issues, Self Confidence Issues, Self-Doubt, Self-Denial, Denial, On-Again/Off-Again Relationship, descrimination, Racism, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Child Abuse, Childhood, Childhood Trauma, Children, Child Neglect, Child Abandonment, Discipline, Blackmail, Triggers, Racism is only briefly mentioned, story and characters do not reflect the author's views, please read the tags, Partner Betrayal, Post-Betrayal, Unconsciousness, Rough Sex, Roughness, Writing on the Body, with a knife, Long, Loneliness, Internal Conflict, Conflict, Conflict of Interests, Fuck you Lana, Men Crying, Crying, Psychopathology & Sociopathy, Psychobabble, Murder Family, Brutal Murder, Murder Kink

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Into The Raging Black Ocean

by Graceaphine

Summary

As Will and Hannibal tumbled off the cliff - *as Will pushed them off of the kiss* - Will took in Hannibal's beautiful face on last time as he pressed their lips together.

Their first and last kiss.

To Will's relief, Hannibal kissed back. At least Will wasn't going to die with the bitter taste of rejection in his mouth - *although perhaps then he would know how Hannibal felt for those three years he spent in jail without Will.*

Will savoured the taste of his lover's lips and took in every inch of the doctor's stunning face one last time before they suddenly hit the water with a deafening splash.

Then everything turned to black.

Suddenly, Will Graham was awake.

Notes

I just got done watching Hannibal yesterday and it is legit my new favorite TV show. I wanted to write a fanfic and the fact that there's no season four is an INJUSTICE! Soooooooooo I thought I would do my own take on what would happen after the end of season 3. Tags will be added as we go.

UPDATES MAY BE SLOW BECAUSE I AM GOING INTO HOSPITAL TOMORROW (AGAIN)

Monster

Will Graham was a monster.

He had been told this ever since he was little.

A couple of years ago - *more specifically, after he met Hannibal Lecter* - he had begun to believe it.

Now, arms around the same person who had broken him - *shattered him like the pathetic, fragile little teacup that he is* - only to then rebuild him into a mirror of his own image, Will had proof that it was true.

Will Graham was a monster.

This was confirmed even more as Hannibal looked into the FBI agent's eyes, gesturing with a bloodied hand to the mangled form of Francis Dolarhyde, formally known as the Tooth Fairy - *oh, correction, the Red Dragon.* Although Hannibal was gesturing at the corpse in front of them Will couldn't even bother to spare the deceased man a glance as he stared into the mesmerizing eyes of the other.

"See, Will? This is all I ever wanted for you, Will. For both of us."

Hannibal's voice was low, barely above a whisper - *was this his idea of being romantic or was the whispering from blood loss?* Due to how close their faces were, Hannibal's warm breath brushed against Will's skin and Will couldn't help but shiver at the sensation.

Without really realising it, Will's grip on the other's arm tightened - not painfully, more like desperately. As if Will wasn't completely sure whether Hannibal was really there or really going to stay with him and Will was begging him to not leave. Maybe Will was - maybe in that moment he was pleading with Hannibal to stay with him and to not let anything, not even Jack and the FBI, stop them. Will remembered back to the time he first realised Hannibal's plan - to make him emotionally dependant on him. Although he would sooner die than admit it out loud - *especially* to Hannibal - Will realised that it was actually a pretty good plan.

It must be a pretty good plan to have worked.

Whether Will liked it or not, there was no denying the truth.

He was in love with Hannibal Lecter.

A part of Will realised that it must take a special kind of idiocy to fall in love with someone like Hannibal Lecter. The other part of him probably knew this but was too overcome by the amount of blood they had both lost - and were still losing - to care.

Will had never imagined that he would end up becoming a murderer - *just because he emphasized with them doesn't mean he would definitely become one.* More than that, Will never imagined he would actually like killing people. There was a thrill - a *buzz,* if you like - that came with slashing the soft, weak skin of a weak person's neck and enjoying how high their voice goes from pain, before that tantalizing, warm, red liquid splatters out of their wound and mouth onto them as well as their surroundings. Will would be lying if he said he didn't savor the feeling of blood running down his hands, staining his clothes and the ground below. Especially at night time.

The moonlight makes blood appear black.

This was one of the many things Hannibal had taught Will.

There was something strangely euphoric about watching bodies squirm desperately as they tried to cling onto the last few ounces of life before finally realizing that all they were doing is making themselves lose blood faster and crawling up into a shriveling ball, soaked with blood and tears as their pleas for their life begin to quieten down and their body finally stops moving as they breathe their last.

It was similar to how Hannibal made Will feel - *thrilled, excited, crazy, insane, warm, pleased, satisfied.*

Alive.

Yeah, there was definitely something wrong with Will Graham.

Leaning closer into Hannibal's shoulder, Will took a deep breath and allowed himself to inhale the smell of the blood on Hannibal's shirt, mixed with that sexy as fuck cologne the man always wore and the sweat glistening off the man's body - almost making him glow in the moonlight.

“It’s beautiful.” Will whispered breathlessly, meaning every word.

It was true - *Hannibal, the strange connection they had, the dead body next to them and the blood dripping from their bodies - it was all so beautiful.*

And that was why they now were faced with a problem.

Surely, Jack and the FBI would know where to look for them.

Surely, they were going to find them.

Surely, the would both be thrown into the cell with the highest possible security and the key will be thrown as deep into the ocean as possible, provided of course the FBI are feeling generous today and don’t shoot them dead first.

At this point, their only option was to run - unless they allowed themselves to be arrested by the police and probably given the death penalty. Of course, Will didn’t want that. Not because he particularly cared about whether or not he lived but rather he couldn’t live without Hannibal. There was no way the two would be allowed to see each other, even if they were put into the same jail.

At the same time, Will knew that if they ran, they would have to keep running for the rest of their lives. They would have to keep changing their names and moving to prevent being found out. Most of all, no matter what names they had or where they went, Will knew Hannibal would not stop killing - not even if Will asked him to. If Will let Hannibal escape - if they escaped together - more lives would be sacrificed to Hannibal and Will would be his accomplice.

Will wasn’t sure how much of that his conscious could handle - whatever was left of it, that is.

In saying that, Will didn't trust himself to hold back his own urge to kill, nor did he trust himself to resist any temptation Hannibal might offer him - especially if he was going to be running around the world with Hannibal for the rest of his life.

It was a tough decision.

Does Will give up his and Hannibal's freedom and possibly their lives and never see his love again?

Or do they run to the ends of the world together, killing any poor fool

unlucky enough to cross paths with them?

As Will contemplated his choices, analyzing each possible option and it's outcomes in his head, his eyes found their way to the sparkling water below them. Against the darkness of night, the water resembled an endless, raging pit of pitch, black darkness.

It was a decision Will did not want to make.

So he decided to let fate make it for him.

His arms around Hannibal's waist, Will pushed Hannibal and himself off the cliff into the water underneath them. Sneaking a glance at Hannibal's face as they went over the edge, Will was surprised at the lack of surprise and hurt on Hannibal's face. Instead, Hannibal was calm, his eyes just as warm as they had been mere seconds ago. Will wondered to himself if Hannibal had known Will was going to do this. Hannibal opened his mouth - most likely about to question Will's actions - but Will quickly silenced the other by pressing their lips together. To Will's relief, Hannibal kissed back. At least Will wasn't going to die with the bitter taste of rejection in his mouth - although perhaps then he would know how Hannibal felt for those three years he spent in jail without Will.

Their first and last kiss.

Will savored the taste of his lover's lips and took in every inch of the doctor's stunning face one last time before they suddenly hit the water with a deafening splash.

Then everything turned to black.

Awake

Chapter Summary

After he pushed them off the cliff, Will Graham had never expected to wake up.

Yet here he was, soaked with water and staring up at the Devil himself.

Hannibal - *fucking* - Lecter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham was awake.

Coughing, shivering, soaked with water, in pain, confused and without any idea what was going on but awake.

Forcing his heavy eyelids open, Will looked up into the relieved eyes of Hannibal.

Wait, Hannibal?

What was Hannibal doing here?

In fact, what were either of them doing here?

They were supposed to be dead, their bodies lost to the ocean for all of eternity.

If Will was a believer of the paranormal, he might have thought that perhaps they were both ghosts.

Of course, Will wasn't really into that kind of stuff but…

Maybe it would be a good idea to check anyways.

Just in case.

Ignoring the shooting pain in his arm, Will slowly lifted a shaking hand to gently touch Hannibal's face. The doctor's cheek was cold and wet but just as soft and smooth as Will had remembered it to be.

More importantly, it wasn't transparent and it was indeed entirely corporal.

Will looked around and realised they were on a river bank.

Then it finally hit him.

"We lived!?"

Those were the first words Will had spoken since he had pushed them off the cliff. He didn't sound disappointed, in fact, he was more shocked than anything else. Hannibal chuckled as he said, "Must be the devil's luck. Although I guess for you this is rather unlucky."

Will met Hannibal's gaze for a moment. Then he had to tear his eyes away, biting his lip nervously. He couldn't tell if Hannibal was angry or not. Anger was by far the worst emotion on Hannibal, second to only heartbreak - both of which Hannibal could have very well been feeling in that moment. If Hannibal killed him right now, sitting on a river bank in the middle of nowhere, Will doubted anyone would be able to hear.

Will didn't want them to hear - *then Hannibal might get caught.*

Yet, at the same time, Will didn't want to die with Hannibal angry at him - *not after all they've been through.*

Well, there's only one way to know how Hannibal is really feeling.

Ask him.

Although, even then you can never be sure what variant of the truth you'll get with Hannibal.

Hannibal Lecter wasn't a liar - *not in the traditional sense.*

Hannibal had different distortions of the same truth, the variant he told would depend on whichever worked out for him in his current situation.

Technically, it wasn't lying.

Not really.

Quietly, in almost a mumble, Will slowly asked, "Are you mad at me?"

"Hm?" Hannibal hummed, grabbing Will's chin and turning the FBI

agent's head so their gazes met, "My apologies, darling Will, but I'm afraid I didn't quite catch that. Would you mind speaking a little louder, please?"

Will bit back a growl, knowing very well Hannibal was trying to play him.

Of course you heard, you bastard!

Of course, like every other time, Will let himself get played anyways.

Speaking a little louder, yet still not quite his normal voice, Will asked, "Are you mad at me?"

Hannibal didn't response, the hand that wasn't holding his chin reaching up to caress Will's dripping curls. Hannibal's lips were pressed together, as if he was thinking - *considering* his answer. Will felt his breath hitch as Hannibal's face was brought closer to his. Will felt as though he was waiting for some major announcement - *like an award or something.* Will let his eyes flutter closed in anticipation, although he wasn't really sure what he was waiting for - *a kiss or his throat slit?*

It reminded Will of when Hannibal stabbed him at his house before killing Abigail after Will had betrayed him.

Will had probably deserved to be stabbed then.

He probably deserved whatever was about to happen to him too.

"I could never be mad at you, Will. Not for long, anyways."

Will's eyes were wide as he stared at Hannibal in surprise. "W-What…?" Will stuttered, trying to force more words out of his stunned lips as he stared dumbfounded at Hannibal.

"I tried to kill you - *again!* Wait, scratch that. I tried to kill *both* of us!" Will exclaimed, "How can you not be mad at me?"

"I'm aware of what your intentions were, Will. Did you really think I wasn't aware of your plan? Kill the Chesapeake Ripper while also killing the darkness within you too? You're such a smart, cunning boy." Hannibal said, although for a moment Will swore he saw a flash of sadness in Hannibal's calm smile.

"It wasn't just simply about that." Will insisted.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at Will's words, replying, "Oh? Then please, enlighten me. What were you hoping to achieve by pushing us both off a cliff if not to kill both of us?"

Will bit his lip, feeling slightly guilty. "Well, yeah that was part of my plan but if we stayed there and did nothing, the police would've found us. Both of us would be sent to prison and probably never see each other again, that is if we don't get the death penalty or they don't shoot us to death as soon as they see us. At least drowning would've probably been a less painful death and we would at least die together." Will explained.

"And the idea of us being seperated when we die or having to spend the rest of our lives in prison upsets you?" Hannibal asked, doing his best to hide an amused smirk from his adorable lover.

Will felt his face heat up, a dark red blush spreading across his face. "I-I mean, of course it does!" Will exclaimed before meeting Hannibal's gaze again, "Doesn't it upset you?"

Hannibal smiled, cupping Will's cheek. "Of course it does, my dearest Will."
Will smiled, practically glowing with happiness at Hannibal's term of endearment. "We could've fled the country." Hannibal pointed out.

"But then you would've just kept killing, wouldn't you? And you would want me to do the same too, right?" Will asked.

Hannibal was silent for a moment, stroking Will's hair. Will looked into the other man's eyes and could practically see the wheels in his head turning. After a couple of minutes of silence, Will was beginning to grow impatient - he was just dying to know what Hannibal was thinking, if there was even the *slightest* chance that the two could live normal lives, *away from all the drama and bloodshed.* "Hannibal?" Will asked, grabbing the older man's attention once again.

"I'm so sorry, Will." Hannibal said, "In this life, it is impossible for me to give you a normal life."

Will looked down.

He had expected as much.

"I cannot bring myself to stop my crimes. In saying that, if there was anyone I was going to stop for, it would be you." Hannibal said, lifting Will's face up once again.

Will tried to force a smile as their eyes met again, yet he couldn't stop the tears threatening to roll down his cheeks - *why was he even crying?*

Wiping away Will's tears gently, Hannibal continued, "If it bothers you, I will not make you do anything you're uncomfortable with. Although nothing would make me happier than to see you let yourself go, I will not make you kill if you do not wish to."

Although it made Will happy that Hannibal wouldn't make him kill if he didn't want to, it didn't really make their situation any less problematic. "I would still be your accomplice." Will said.

"And you're not already?" Hannibal asked.

Will bit his lip. Hannibal did have a point - Will really didn't have anything to lose at this point by going with him, *except maybe his few remaining morals but who the Hell needs them?*

"Where would we go?" Will asked, "We can't stay here and I doubt you have some fancy establishment already booked and prepared for us."

"Wherever you'd like." Hannibal responded, "The water carried us a fair bit away from where we fell. I took the opportunity to investigate a bit while you were out. I couldn't find any towns nearby but there is an abandoned log cabin not too far away. If you're able to walk, we can stay there for a couple of days while I organise a plane and for us to move somewhere else."

"Where would we find food, though?" Will asked.

"It's not exactly regal, but we should be fine living off of the fruits and berries around the cabin for a couple of days. It should be enough time for us to organise our new living arrangements." Hannibal said.

Something about this seemed too easy - *too simple* - but it was the only shot they had.

Pushing himself up on his hands, Will attempted to stand up. However, there was suddenly a shot of pain through Will's ankle. With a shriek, Will suddenly found himself falling backwards to the floor. Hannibal reached out quickly, grabbing Will around the waist in order to catch the FBI agent before he could hit the ground. "Are you alright, Will?" Hannibal asked, concern in his tone.

"Y-Yeah." Will muttered, clenching his teeth from the pain, "I'm fine."

Will looked down at his leg and found a large gash with blood dripping out from it. “Shit.” Will cursed.

Will hadn’t realised it at the time, as he was too busy trying to process the fact that he and Hannibal were somehow still alive, but his body burned with aches and pains. Hannibal also noticed the wound. Bending down, Hannibal attempted to touch the wound but Will hissed and jerked away. “We’ll have to treat that.” Hannibal said.

Suddenly, without warning, Hannibal’s arms were around him and Will was lifted up so that Hannibal was carrying him.

Will couldn’t help but blush as he realised Hannibal looked like a groom carrying his bride.

“W-What are you doing?” Will asked, eyes wide with surprise.

“Clearly you can’t walk but the supplies to treat your wound are back at the cabin so I’m afraid I’ll have to carry you there.” Hannibal explained.

“You don’t have to do that!” Will said, blush darkening, “I’m probably really heavy and-”

“Not at all.” Hannibal replied, “You’re actually quite light. I feel as though I am a prince carrying his beautiful princess.”

Although the blush on his cheeks darkened - *if that was even possible* - Will groaned at Hannibal’s words, saying, “Please, don’t compare me to a princess. Princess are always in distress and needing to be saved - I’m capable enough to take care of myself.”

Hannibal smiled and replied, “So you’ve proven multiple times. You are, after all, the lovely princess who slayed the terrifying dragon.”

Will couldn’t help but smile, feeling a sense of confidence as he thought back to the moment Francis Dolarhyde’s lifeless body collapsed into a pool of his own blood.

As they reached the log cabin, Hannibal laid Will down on a worn out looking bed. As he looked around the log cabin, Will realised it must not have been abandoned too long ago - there was hardly any dust and although the furniture looked like it hadn’t been renovated in years, it looked clean. It was small but not to the point where it was too squishy and it was certainly not unpleasant - it had a sense of coziness to it. It was a nice place, with some tidying up it could be

good to stay in for a couple of days. “I wonder why someone would just abandon this place.” Will said, “It seems nice.”

“It is, isn’t it?” Hannibal, who was running a cotton bud underneath the sink to tend to Will’s wound with, “We’re very fortunate - the house is fully stocked too.”

Will raised an eyebrow - he couldn’t believe their luck.

Was this a joke? This all seemed too perfect to be a mere coincidence.

“It doesn’t look like it’s been abandoned for long. What if the owners come back?” Will asked.

“We don’t have to worry about that.” Hannibal simply replied, not looking bothered by the possibility in the slightest.

Will was confused at first.

Why shouldn’t he worry about-

Oh.

Oh.

A sick realisation suddenly came to Will as he asked, “Is the fridge fully stocked too?”

“Why yes, it has lots of pork in it.”

Hannibal’s response, combined with the grin on his face, was all Will needed to prove that the conclusion he came to was correct. Leaning his head back onto the wall behind him, Will groaned at his lover’s antics.

It all made sense now - *how Hannibal knew about the cabin in the first place, why it looked like people had been living in it not too long ago, where said owners have disappeared to, why the house was fully stocked.*

“Hannibal!”

Hannibal hummed, smiling and feigning innocence, “Yes, my *dearest* Will?”

Will stared at Hannibal sternly as he asked, “Did you *kill* them?”

Hannibal merely hummed before bending down next to Will. Lifting

up Will's pants, Hannibal picked up the cotton bud. "Just so you know, this might hurt." Hannibal said before pressing the cotton bud to the wound.

Will hissed, biting his finger in order to muffle his screams as his wound oozed and stung at the contact.

"You're the worst."

Hannibal smirked at Will's words.

Both of them knew Will did not mean it.

Leaning over, Hannibal pressed his lips to Will's cheek.

"I know."

Chapter End Notes

Damn it, Hannibal! XD

Happy

Chapter Summary

Will Graham was happy.

For the first time in God knows how long, he was happy.

Will Graham was happy.

For the first time in God knows how long, he was happy.

They had been living in the cabin for a couple of days now. It reminded Will of his home in Wolf Trap with all of his dogs, except now with Hannibal. The good thing about being so far away from any towns was the quietness it provided as well as the fact it kept them hidden from the FBI a bit. The peace and quiet was one of the many things Will loved about his old home - only back then he wasn't on the run with a serial killer.

Still though, Will was the happiest he had been in years.

It wasn't that Molly didn't make him happy. He loved his son - *their son* - and Molly was a nice girl but she just wasn't his type.

Apparently, cannibalistic murderers were his type.

Will felt bad to admit it, however, a part of him knew that he never really loved Molly - he was just using her as an escape from all that had happened, a desperate attempt to try to force himself to forget about Hannibal and the way he made him feel.

A lot of good that did.

The good thing about Hannibal being a former surgeon was that even given their lack of supplies and current situation, Hannibal was still excellent at tending to Will's wounds. Despite it being less than a week from the day they fell off the cliff, Will was already starting to walk around the cabin a bit. Most of the time, he would sit on the bed with his leg elevated and ice on his wounds but when they were

eating, Will would sometimes come sit at the table with Hannibal or sit on the couch with him in the evenings. One time, Will decided to take a risk and lay his head on Hannibal's lap. When he felt Hannibal's body tense, Will thought for a moment that the other might be preparing to murder him. However, the hand that came down to gently stroke Will's hair, twirling the brown curls with his fingers, was actually quite gentle. Will looked up to see hints of a smile grace Hannibal's face - the expression was almost… *cute?*

Will decided he would try doing this more often.

If only to examine Hannibal's reactions, of course.

A part of Will felt guilty for loving Hannibal. A part of Will twisted and churned with disgust over the knowledge that he was living with - *cuddling, kissing* - the same man who had murdered *God* knows how many people.

This was the sane part of Will.

Wait, no that's not right…

Will didn't believe any part of him was truly "sane".

This was the "less crazy" part of Will.

The other part of Will justified Hannibal's actions - justified *their* actions - with the fact that most of the people Hannibal killed were, according to Hannibal, *pigs* - horrible people who deserved to die.

Then Will would remember Abigail.

Abigail wasn't a pig.

That was true. Abigail wasn't a bad person - not deep down. She had been manipulated by both her father and Hannibal into committing murder. It was all she had ever known. Could Will really blame her? Both Hannibal and Garret Jacob Hobbs had changed Will, too. Will had allowed them to change him. He knew first hand how Hannibal's way with words, combined with his silky smooth voice and how he knew exactly what to say and where to touch to get a desired reaction from Will, so that the FBI agent would become pliant - *putty in Hannibal's hand* - unable to see past the fog of trust Hannibal had placed over his eyes, nor was he able to resist Hannibal.

It wasn't like Will particularly wanted to resist Hannibal anyways.

Not anymore.

From Will's experience with Garret Jacob Hobbs - *or rather, Garret Jacob Hobbs' ghost* - Will had come to realise that Abigail probably found that Hannibal had much in common with Hobbs so it was easier for Abigail to become more attached to Hannibal.

It was easier for her to let herself be manipulated by him.

Her "father".

In the end, Abigail was just like Will.

They were both victims of Garret Jacob Hobbs and Hannibal Lecter.

They were both victims of themselves.

Abigail was not a pig.

She did not deserve to die.

Everytime Will came to this conclusion, however, *that* part of him would suddenly speak up again and remind him that Hannibal wasn't to blame for Abigail's death.

Not really.

Technically, it was Will's fault.

Had Will never betrayed Hannibal, Hannibal never would've killed Abigail out of heartbreak.

It was all Will's fault.

Everything was Will's fault.

This was the insane part of him - probably the same part of him that made the rest of Will fall for Hannibal Lecter.

Speaking of Hannibal, Hannibal had been planning their big escape for the past couple of days. Will wasn't sure of the specific details of where they would be going. Hannibal didn't tell Will a lot - *he didn't*

want him to worry, especially not while Will was still recovering from his wounds.

That was another thing Will found odd. If they both were involved in the fight with the Dragon and both of them fell off the cliff, Hannibal must surely have gotten hurt too. Yet, the man was walking around just fine - *better than normal even!*

Maybe Hannibal Lecter was magic?

At this point Will wouldn't be surprised if that was the case.

Will must have been spacing off again because Hannibal, who was lying in the bed next to Will, was staring at him with a questioning look on his face.

Yes, there was only one bed in the cabin and it was a double bed.

Will's pretty sure Hannibal's "Devil's luck" had something to do with that.

"Are you okay, Will?" Hannibal asked, his voice immediately snapping Will out of his thoughts and getting the empath's attention.

"Uh, yeah." Will replied, trying to smile reassuringly at his lover, "I'm fine. Just thinking."

"About what?" Hannibal asked, his tone anything but demanding.

Why should Hannibal demand to know when both of them knew Will would eventually end up telling him either way?

Will shrugged, turning his attention to a small hole on the wall beside them as he replied, "Lots of things."

Hannibal pushed himself up on his elbows so that he could sit up in the bed next to Will. Now eye level with Will, Hannibal asked, "Like?"

Will bit his lip, hesitating for a moment. A part of Will thought about not responding to Hannibal - *the saner part of him* - but the *insane-yet-maybe-slightly-smart* part realised that at some point, Hannibal will figure it out anyways and Will might as well get it off his chest - *who else would he talk to about whatever it was he was thinking?*

"Do you think we'll miss our old lives?"

It was a stupid question. Will knew that it was stupid of him to worry about their past lives when they were on the run from the FBI but a part of him wondered how he would be able to cope having a *new name, new identity, new home, new friends.* He would never see his old friends again - *more importantly, he would never see his dogs again!*

A part of Will expected Hannibal to laugh at him and tell Will just how crazy he was, yet the look he received from Hannibal was sad and sympathetic.

Great, now Will was getting sympathy from a serial killer.

“It would require some adjusting, I would think. Considering we'll be pretending to be entirely different people, I expect it would be at least somewhat difficult for us to adjust to our new lives.” Hannibal replied.

“When you fled to Florence, did you miss Baltimore?” Will asked.

“Of course, I missed many things from my previous life. Particularly, my sessions with you and that hideous aftershave of yours.” Hannibal said, playfully nipping at Will’s neck.

Will could hold back a soft giggle from escaping him. Hannibal smiled at Will’s laughter, playfully adding, “Remind me to buy you a better brand of aftershave the first chance we get.”

“Hey, I like my cheap products!” Will playfully replied.

“Yes, your cheap and terrible smelling products.” Hannibal smirked.

The two laughed, Hannibal taking the time to appreciate a rare sight - *a genuinely happy smile on Will’s face.* It was truly a *beautiful* sight. Will had an *absolutely gorgeous* smile and his smile made those *pretty eyes* of his sparkle. The sight was enough to steal Hannibal's breath away, who couldn't help but take the opportunity to press a gentle, loving kiss to Will’s neck. Will moaned in surprise and pleasure at the touch. The skin on Will’s neck was soft and extremely sensitive - *a detail Hannibal would definitely keep in mind for later.* Hannibal placed a few gentle kisses on Will’s neck, each one light but just enough to draw gasps and moans from Will. Hannibal then got up and began to straddle Will, his legs on either side of Will, pinning the FBI agent in place. Hannibal’s grin was almost like a wolf as he looked down at Will’s playful eyes. Not really noticing where his hands were going, Will’s hands found their way onto Hannibal's thighs and began slowly

making their way up Hannibal's stomach, to his sides and-

"Gh!"

Will's hands quickly froze at the sound of Hannibal wincing. Looking down in confusement, Will realised his hands were placed on Hannibal's sides. Suddenly, he remembered that Francis Dolarhyde had shot Hannibal in the side and a bitter taste filled Will's mouth.

A part of Will felt like killing the so-called Dragon for a second time for hurting Hannibal.

"How's your wound doing? From where Dolarhyde shot you?" Will asked.

"Fine." Hannibal replied, although Will knew better.

Will had begun to learn that whenever Hannibal speaks one word answers or very short answers, it means he's probably hiding something or doesn't want to say something. "I wanna see it." Will said.

It was a demand, not a request.

"I'm fine, Will. You don't have to-" Hannibal began but Will was already lifting Hannibal's shirt up.

Despite his protests, Hannibal offered little resistance as Wil pulled his shirt over his head, discarding it by lazily dropping it onto the floor next to the bed. Will gasped at the sight of Hannibal's body. There were bruises, cuts and gashes all over Hannibal's body, ranging in deepness and seriousness. The gunshot wound, however, that looked horrific. There were fresh traces of blood around the wound and it didn't look like it had been properly cleaned. It looked like Hannibal's wounds had been briefly attended to but given no where near as much tender love and care as Hannibal had given Will's injuries.

The sight made Will feel a bit guilty.

Gently pushing Hannibal off him and back down onto the bed next to him, Will announced, "I'm going to tend to your wounds."

Will stood up - the pain in his leg not as bad as when he tried walking on it before. As Will began to lip over to the cabinet with medical supplies in it, Hannibal attempted to sit up, probably intending to stop

Will. “That won't be necessary, Will, I’m fine-” once again, Will cut Hannibal off with a demanding glare.

“Lie down. Now!” Will snapped, probably with more force than he had intended as Hannibal's eyes widened in shock at Will’s tone.

Will wondered to himself how many people were able to scare Hannibal Lecter.

More importantly, he wondered what kinds of people these few were.

Hesitating for only a moment more, Hannibal reluctant obliged and lied back down on the bed. As Will looked through the cabinet for the medical supplies, Hannibal watched the other with interest.

He never knew his darling Will had such a temper.

“You know, Will, you can be very fierce when you want to be.”

Hannibal’s only response was a devil like grin from Will.

After dressing Hannibal's wounds and giving him painkillers as well as some ice for his wounds, Will smiled and gave his lover a gentle kiss on the lips. “Just stay in bed and rest today, love.” Will said, “I’ll take care of everything for you.”

Of course, Hannibal Lecter was not the type of person to just sit around in bed and rest all day.

Of course, Hannibal was going to make this as difficult as possible for Will.

“I can’t.” Hannibal said, “I need still need to contact the owners of the hotel we will be staying in-”

“I can do that.” Will insisted.

“The flight still needs to be booked-” once again, Hannibal was cut off.

“I can do it.” Will repeated, beginning to become slightly annoyed.

Did Hannibal believe Will was not capable enough to organise all this himself?

“But-”

“No buts!” Will snapped, folding his arms, “You’re staying in bed today whether you like it or not.”

Hannibal finally sighed in defeat, knowing Will was too stubborn to relent anytime soon. Will rolled his eyes at Hannibal’s pouting.

Who knew Hannibal Lecter could be such a child?

Will was going to be fine - he could do all this stuff with or without Hannibal.

Exhausted

Chapter Summary

Will Graham was exhausted.

Apparently, being Hannibal Lecter for a day was tiring as fuck.

Who would've thought?

It seemed simple enough when Hannibal explained it to him - contact the hotel owners, book the flight.

Easy.

Will could do that, right?

WRONG. VERY. VERY. WRONG.

Will Graham was exhausted.

Apparently, being Hannibal Lecter for a day was tiring as fuck.

Who would've thought?

It seemed simple enough when Hannibal explained it to him - contact the hotel owners, book the flight.

Easy.

Will could do that, right?

WRONG. VERY. VERY. WRONG.

Will had called the number of the hotel they would be staying in and

as soon as he heard the hotel's apparent *"manager"* speak, Will knew this was not going to be easy.

"Hell-oooo?"

The slur of the manager's voice, combined with the hiccups in between told Will everything he needed to know to confirm his fears.

The man was drunk.

VERY drunk.

Taken a bit back with surprise at the state of the man on the phone, it took Will a couple of moments to compose himself to answer, "U-Uh, hi."

Will cleared his throat before continuing, "Um, I would like to book a room, please."

"For how many people?" the drunk man asked.

"Two." Will said.

"Two? Who's the other person? You got a girlfriend or something?" the man asked.

Will was stunned at the question. For a moment he wasn't sure how to respond.

Why was this guy even asking him this?

It's none of his business!

And why did he assume Will had a girlfriend?

He could have a wife, or a boyfriend…

Or a murder husband.

"I...I don't believe that's any of your business, sir-" Will began but was cut off ny the man on the other side of the phone.

"Ah, so you are taken." the man said, clicking his tongue in disappointment, "Shame. I would love to stick my cock in that tight, pretty hole of yours and fuck you until you can't walk so that by the end of it, you would be nice and full of my seed-"

Will quickly cut the man off, the colour from his face draining.

Will felt like he was going to vomit.

“S-Sir, you don't even know me.” Will pointed out, his face darkening in embarrassment at the man's advances.

“So? Bet you're a real pretty boy, aren't you? Bet you get a long of people asking for a taste of that dick of yours.” the man purred - literally *purred.*

“You probably like it too, don't you?” the man continued, “You little whore, you probably like having all those dicks shoved up your hole.”

Will cringed.

If only the ground could open up and swallow Will whole so he wouldn't have to listen to the man’s comments.

Will wondered if this man’s attitude was coming from the alcohol or if it was his normal personality?

Will believed he wouldn't like the answer to that question.

It made Will extremely uncomfortable, hearing this man who didn't even know him say such degrading and derogatory things about him. Not because of who was saying it - *Will didn't know this guy, whatever he thought of Will didn't particularly matter to him* - but the words that he was saying reminded Will of not so pleasant memories.

Suddenly, as Will pondered what he should say, the phone was snatched out of his hand. Will looked up in surprise to see Hannibal standing over him with the phone pressed to his ear.

Oh shit.

Hannibal looked pissed.

Will wondered how Hannibal had heard the conversation and how he got off the bed without Will noticing?

“Hannibal-” Will began but was silenced by Hannibal pressing a finger to his lips.

Will could hear the man on the phone's voice - he was asking what Will was doing.

*It was then that Will realised he had **fucked** up.*

Oh fuck.

He had the phone on loudspeaker.

That's how Hannibal heard!

"Listen here, you incredibly rude man, might it be possible for me to get your name, please?" Hannibal asked, teeth gritted as he spoke into the phone.

Hannibal's tone was gentle, yet his words were harsh. Will winced in anticipation of Hannibal's anger. Will heard the man respond with what Will assumed was his name.

"Listen here, Mr. Grossier, I do not appreciate the way you spoke to ***my*** darling *husband.* I will be getting in contact with your boss and let them know that you dared to call ***my*** beautiful *husband* a whore. I will personally see to it that you are fired for your crimes against ***my*** precious *husband* and if you even think about ever getting into contact with ***my*** husband again, there will be **Hell** to pay. Goodbye."

Before the man could even respond, Hannibal had hung up. As Hannibal turned to look at Will, his expression was now suddenly one hundred times calmer. "My apologies for that, dearest Will." Hannibal said, his tone so gentle now that moments ago, Will would've thought it was impossible for Hannibal's voice to sound so gentle.

Will blushed, both embarrassed and flattered that Hannibal saved him. "You didn't have to do that." Will said.

"I wanted to." Hannibal replied, "Besides, I could tell it was upsetting you."

Will frowned and looked away, hugging his arms insecurely.

Will realized he probably looked pathetic in front of Hannibal.

"Uh, yeah." Will awkwardly said, "It just reminded me of, uh, *personal stuff."*

Hannibal placed the phone on the nearby counter and cupped Will's cheeks lovingly. Will blushed as Hannibal brought their faces closer and said, "You don't have to tell me about what exactly it reminds you of now, if you don't want to. However, whenever you do feel comfortable enough to talk about it, I am more than happy to lend an ear."

Will smiled shyly at his lover, touched by Hannibal's understanding and sweet words.

"Although perhaps not like how Abigail lended me her ear."

Will groaned at Hannibal's words. The memory of Abigail's cut off ear - *when Will vomited up her ear* - completely ruined the moment and the romance behind Hannibal's previous sentence.

"You're the worst!"

Hannibal smirked, wrapping his arms around Will's waist and nibbling gently on his earlobe.

"I know."

Will moaned at Hannibal's touch but eventually managed to guide his lover back to the bed. "You shouldn't be up. You have to rest your wounds. Go lie back down." Will said, gently pushing Hannibal down onto the bed.

Hannibal pouted as he reluctantly got back onto the bed. "I am fine, Will, truely." Hannibal said.

"No, you're not. Your body still needs time to rest. Just leave it to me, I'll be fine." Will said, walking off with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Booking the flight was much, much easier than booking the hotel.

Except for the part where Will completely embarrassed himself.

But honestly, when does Will not embarrass himself?

He seemed to be doing that a lot as of late.

Hannibal hadn't told Will what the airline was called, so when Will called he was surprised to hear, "Devil's Airline, how can I help you?"

Devil's Airline.

Will couldn't help back his laughter when he heard that name.

It was absolutely perfect!

The women who had answered the phone sounded extremely confused as to why Will was laughing so hard - *although it probably sounded more like choking to her.* Even Hannibal, who was sitting on the bed reading some weird book Will found laying around, looked up from his book to see what Will was laughing at. Hannibal gaze Will a puzzled look and asked, “Is something wrong?”

Will tried to respond but all that came out was a snort - *much cuter than a pig’s snort, however* - and more laughter. Although he had no idea what Will was laughing at, Hannibal couldn't help but smile at Will's antics. Will had an adorable laugh - *even his snorts were adorable!* Hannibal found himself laughing too and suddenly the log cabin was filled with both of their giggling.

The poor, confused worker on the other side of the phone had no idea what was going on.

“Sir? Sir? Are you okay? Do you need me to call somebody?”

Her only response was more laughter.

That night, Will practically collapsed into the bed next to Hannibal. Hannibal stared at his exhausted lover with amusement, playfully asking, “Bad day?”

Will groaned, rolling onto his back. “You wouldn't believe me if I told you just how shit today was.” Will said.

Hannibal bent down to kiss Will’s forehead, replying, “I would always believe you. *Always.”*

Will smiled, snuggling closer to the other and allowing himself to drown in Hannibal's touch and warmth. “Thanks for dealing with that guy on the phone.” Will muttered softly.

“Anything for you.” Hannibal replied, giving Will another kiss as he rubbed Will’s shoulder soothingly.

Will smiled as he entwined his hand with Hannibal's, running his fingers up and down Hannibal's muscular arms. Will reached up to capture Hannibal's lips again, letting his lips linger for a couple of

minutes before pulling away. Hannibal gently cupped Will's face, twirling Will's long locks of hair between his fingers. "You have such lovely hair, Will." Hannibal muttered, almost absentmindedly.

Will suddenly remembered that he had wanted to ask Hannibal something.

Well, now is as good of a time as any.

"Slightly off topic, but was Devil's Airline a coincidence or did you somehow plan this?" Will asked.

Hannibal chuckled, asking, "Ah, so is that what had you howling so much earlier?"

"I happened to come across the airline while trying to plan our escape and thought it was perfect so we had to use it." Hannibal explained, "Does it meet your approval?"

Will grinned, saying, "Yes. Yes, it does."

Will kissed Hannibal's cheek again, saying, *"Anything* you do meets my approval."

Hannibal's eyes sparkled with mischief at those words.

"Oh? So when I cut off Abigail's ear and framed you for her murder-"

Will rolled his eyes.

"Okay, *nearly* anything."

Hannibal chuckled and pulled a pouting Will closer towards him, wrapping his arms around Will and planting gentle, tender kisses on the boy's head. After a couple of minutes, Will remembered something else and looked up to face his lover.

"By the way, how come out of all the places we could have fled to, you decided to take me to Paris?"

Hannibal smiled, leaning over to give his lover another kiss.

"Well, you know what they say, Will."

Will moaned as Hannibal's lips found their way to his neck and began biting and sucking the tender flesh so roughly that Will was sure it

would leave a prominent bruise in the morning - *not that Will particularly minded.*

“Paris is the city of love.”

Pissed

Chapter Summary

It's all fun and games until someone gets murdered.

Then it's fun, games AND murder.

Chapter Notes

Please be warned, dearest reader, that this chapter is extremely graphic - someone does die. If you cannot handle graphic descriptions of blood and violence, stop reading from where Bedelia shows up and skip to the end of chapter notes where there will be a recap provided.

There is no written warning in the story other than this note but as soon as you see:

"As soon as she stepped through the doorway into her house, Bedelia Du Maurier knew something was *wrong."*

STOP READING!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham was pissed.

Hannibal knew this, yet was unsure of the reason. Perhaps it had something to do with that rude man on the phone the other night? If that was it, all Will would need to do is tell Hannibal and the man would never bother Will - *or breathe* - again.

Yet here Will was, folding his arms - *pouting* - and making an obvious attempt to look everywhere except at Hannibal.

No, this was definitely much bigger than that.

“Did I do something to upset you, Will?” Hannibal asked.

Although he tried to keep his tone as calm as he possibly could, the thought that Will might be angry at him was upsetting to Hannibal - especially because things had been going so smoothly up until now and they seemed to genuinely be having a good time together.

Will clicked his tongue and sarcastically said, “No, of course not. Whatever made you think that?”

Hannibal paused, Will’s obvious sarcasm not going unnoticed. Hannibal tried to think of what he could've done to upset Will so much. “Was it because I killed those people?” Hannibal asked.

“Which ones?” Will muttered before saying, “No.”

So it didn't have anything to do with murder…

“Was it because I took the phone from you and threatened that man?” Hannibal asked.

Will’s face darkened at the memory but he sighed, saying, “No.”

Hannibal went silent as he tried to analyse Will’s expression for any hints or clues as to what it could be. Will must've noticed this, as he was the one to break the silence, asking, “How did you sleep?”

Hannibal tilted his head slightly at the question. If this was Will’s attempt at changing the subject, it was a poor one. “I slept well, thank you. How about you?”

Will’s glare hardened at that.

Seems like that wasn't the right answer.

“You mumbled *her* name!” Will hissed.

“Who’s?” Hannibal asked, “Alana’s?”

Will’s lip twitched slightly at the mention of Alana Bloom.

“No.” Will growled, “Dr. Du Maurier.”

Oh.

So that’s what this is about.

Jealousy.

Hannibal smiled, asking, “Will, are you jealous of my relationship with Dr. Du Maurier?”

Will's face darkened and his eyes widened. "N-No!" Will quickly snapped but his dark red blush betrayed him.

"Need I remind you, Will, that you're the one who's legally married with a child, yet at the same time, you're here with me being more intimate than you probably ever have with your wife?" Hannibal pointed out.

A flash of guilt spread across Will's face before anger replaced it again. "At least I'm not *moaning* Molly's name in my sleep!" Will exclaimed.

Hannibal got up from his seat and walked to the other side of the table where Will was sitting. Will huffed and turned his head away from Hannibal but his icy glare immediately softened as Hannibal kissed his cheek. His hand stroking Will's cheek, Hannibal said, "Will, my dearest, you don't need to be jealous - not of Dr. Du Maurier nor of Alana Bloom. You're the only person I love and nothing and no one will ever be as important to me as you."

Will blushed and couldn't hold back a small smile.

Will was never able to stay mad at Hannibal for long.

Hannibal always knew just the right words to say to be able to turn Will into mush.

Will leaned into Hannibal embrace and Hannibal smiled, glad that Will was no longer upset.

"I want to kill her."

Hannibal had to admit, even he was surprised by those words.

Hannibal stared at Will with a raised eyebrow and asked, "I thought you didn't want to kill anyone-"

"Changed my mind." Will said, "Let's do it."

It was clear from his expression that Will was completely serious.

Had Hannibal been anyone else and not nearly as regal as he was, he probably would've jumped for joy at those words.

Well, either that or he would've called the police.

The grin on Hannibal's face stretched from ear to ear - a rare sight to see on Hannibal's face - and it was a grin that could be described as devlish and wolfish.

"My dearest Will, you don't know how happy I am to hear you say those words."

Hannibal captured Will's lips into a passionate kiss, Will moaning and wrapping his arms around Hannibal's shoulders.

Hannibal wondered if Will considered, even for a moment, bringing those lovely hands of his to Hannibal's neck and strangling him to death.

Hannibal sucked and bit Will's lower lip, only hard enough to just barely avoid drawing blood. Will gasped at the pain but pulled Hannibal closer towards him, encouraging him to keep going. Hannibal's tongue entered Will's mouth and began exploring - *tasting* - every nook and cranny of Will's mouth. Hannibal didn't even realise he was gripping Will's hair until Will winced and Hannibal realised how hard his grip was on the soft curls. Hannibal loosened his grip - *just a bit.* Hannibal could feel Will's leg moving up between his, barely brushing against the bulge in his pants. Hannibal growled against Will's lips, the taste of Will as well as his touch arousing him. Will tasted sweet, with hints of coffee. It wasn't unpleasant, although Will's mouth was slightly dry from dehydration - *the boy needs to take better care of himself.* Hannibal tasted like wine and the kind of luxury food you would find in extremely high quality hotels or meals that would be served to the king - the word expensive came to mind when describing Hannibal's taste.

Eventually, the two pulled away, panting as they tried to regain their breaths. Both of their faces were tainted red. "Hannibal?" Will asked breathlessly, "I know you are, um… *close* with Dr. Du Maurier. If you don't want to kill her, it's okay-"

Hannibal silenced Will with another kiss, catching Will by surprise. As he pulled away, Hannibal said, "It's nice of you to worry about my comfort, my lovely, but believe me, I am just excited about this as you are."

Will grinned, pleased he got Hannibal's approval. "Good." Will grinned, "'Cause I've already got a plan."

As soon as she stepped through the doorway into her house, Bedelia

Du Maurier knew something was *wrong.*

Worse, she could sense the familiar darkness that surrounded Hannibal Lecter and more recently, Will Graham too.

Bedelia was not a fool - she knew that they were there and she knew what they intended to do.

They wanted to eat her.

Bedelia thought about going back outside and calling the police, however, she realised Hannibal and Will probably heard her enter and knew of her arrival. If she went outside, they would most likely just follow her. Perhaps Hannibal wouldn't be able to risk being seen but at that point, the FBI merely assumed Will Graham to be a missing person - *he* wasn't an outlaw yet. He could run after Bedelia.

Perhaps the thought of having Will Graham after her was more troubling than having Hannibal come for her.

Maybe she could sneak out through the back?

Trying to be as silent as possible, Bedelia quickly took off her heels so as to avoid making a sound as she began to make her way to the back entrance of her house. She had heard footsteps and two male voices coming from upstairs so Bedelia figured her attackers must be upstairs. Not wanting to waste the opportunity before they came downstairs, Bedelia rushed as quickly yet quietly as she could to the door. However, as the door came into view, practically glowing - *either from the sun or Bedelia's relieved brain playing tricks on her* - so too did a familiar grinning face.

Although familiar, this person's face was much different from when Bedelia had last laid eyes on it.

It was much darker and more twisted now.

"Why hello there, Dr. Du Maurier."

Will Graham was standing before her, holding a huge knife.

Like one a butcher might have.

Bedelia took a step back, trying to distance herself as much as possible from Will. "I wasn't aware I would be having guests for dinner."

Bedelia said, trying to maintain her composure despite her panic.

Will chuckled - it was a deep, dark chuckle, very unlike the goofy giggle he normally had.

It was like when Hannibal chuckled.

“Oh, don’t worry, Bedelia, you're not having *us* for dinner - *we’re having **you.”***

As Will rushed towards her, Bedelia turned and tried to run back through the hallway to the front of her house. As she ran, Bedelia heard Will’s voice call out from behind her, “Leaving so soon? We haven't even had our therapy session yet.”

Bedelia didn't respond.

She just ran.

She ran and ran as fast as she could, desperate to get to the door.

Desperate to not die.

However, before she could ever reach the front door, an arm grabbed her from behind and pulled her back. Bedelia made one last desperate attempt to reach for the door before both of her arms were restrained behind her back. “Don't worry, I’ll make sure ***my husband*** cooks you well.” Will’s voice - *could it really be defined as Will’s voice despite how similar it was to Hannibal’s now?* - said from behind.

Before she could even formulate a response, Bedelia’s head was smashed against the wall and everything turned to black.

Bedelia’s body immediately became limp, *almost like a doll. Like a child unsatisfied with a new toy,* Will carelessly allowed the body to fall to the floor before looking up at the top of the stairs from where Hannibal was watching from. “Okay, she's out of it.” Will said.

Hannibal walked down the stairs and stood over Bedelia’s unconscious body, towering over her *like a God staring down at a disgraced servant.* “Very good iob, Will. That hit against the wall was just barely not enough to kill her.” Hannibal said.

Will giggled at the praise, grinning *like a wolf who has just trapped his prey.*

“I’ll start preparing dinner while you dress Dr. Du Maurier in something more...suitable, yes?” Hannibal said.

Will raised an eyebrow, asking, “Are we not cutting off her leg now?”

“No, do it when she is in the dress - the dress would look much more beautiful soaked in blood. Besides, I still have to prepare the food and I want her to be at least slightly aware when I cut it off.” Hannibal replied.

“Okay then.” Will said, deciding to just go along with whatever Hannibal said - *that's what he ended up doing most of the time anyways, both intentional and unintentional.*

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s forehead, making Will’s cheeks go on fire. “Now, go upstairs and get our guest of honour changed. I’ll be up there in a bit.” Hannibal told
Will.

With a small nod, Will picked up Bedelia’s body and carried her upstairs to her bedroom. Laying Bedelia down onto the bed, Will decided to tie Bedelia to the bed in the rare event that she wakes up. As Will used some rope Hannibal gave him to tie Bedelia to the bed, Will noticed something.

Huh, the rope looks a bit too tight on her wrist.

L E T ‘ S A D D A N O T H E R K N O T !

Once Bedelia was fully secured to the bed - *maybe a bit too secured for her comfort* - Will walked to her wardrobe and looked through Bedelia's dresses.

Should Will feel uncomfortable about looking through a woman’s wardrobe?

Does it make him a pervert if he doesn't?

Will wondered what he should dress Bedelia in. Hannibal sounded like he had something in mind, although he didn't specifically say anything. Will tried to think of what Hannibal would like. Nothing too nice though - *Will didn't want Hannibal looking at Bedelia with no other*

feeling except hunger.

Eventually, Will found a black-lace dress. It wasn't revealing but it was nice enough.

Perfect.

After getting Bedelia dressed - *Will had to cringe at the sight of her naked body and did his best not to touch her anywhere intimate* - Will called for Hannibal to come upstairs.

If it wasn't for the fact he didn't want Hannibal touching anyone's body but his, Will probably would've gotten Hannibal to dress Bedelia.

Hannibal came upstairs, carrying the butcher's knife Will had earlier. Hannibal was wearing an apron and smelt like ginger and other garnishes Hannibal was preparing downstairs. The aroma of the food cooking downstairs was lifting upwards into the bedroom and it smelt delicious.

Basically, Will was hungry as fuck and if Hannibal wasn't the love of his life, he may have just devoured Hannibal right there and then.

"You certainly look like you enjoyed undressing Dr. Du Maurier and tying her to the bed. Might this be a kink of yours, Will?" Hannibal asked.

Will blushed and folded his arms, scoffing. "Please. You know the only person I want to undress and tie to a bed is you." Will replied with a seductive smirk.

Hannibal purred at Will's words, having to force himself to hold back his arousal.

"Now enough talk, let's get to the butchering." Will said.

Hannibal smirked.

Will was perhaps the only person crazy enough to go along with Hannibal's desires.

Hannibal waved something under Bedelia's nose to wake her up. As Bedelia groggily opened her eyes and tried to adjust to her surroundings, Hannibal quickly took the opportunity to inject Bedelia

with curare - the dosage just high enough to make sure she cannot move.

Hannibal was careful to not kill her.

Yet.

The drug took mere seconds to walk before Bedelia went limp - not unconscious and still able to feel pain but her body was paralysed. Turning to Will, Hannibal said, “Well, now we have another problem.”

Will frowned at the word “problem” and asked, “What?”

“Do we cut off the left leg or the right leg first?” Hannibal asked with a smirk.

Will grinned and suggested, “Flip a coin? If it's head we do the left, if it's tails we do the right?”

Hannibal reached into his pocket, pulled out a coin and flipped it.

Heads.

“Left it is then.” Hannibal said.

Will handed Hannibal the butcher knife, practically glowing with glee as Hannibal walked over to a paralysed Bedelia. Although she could not say so, Will could tell that Bedelia was silently pleading for them to stop, to not go through with their crazy plan.

Maybe once a version of Will existed where he would've felt bad for Bedelia.

Maybe he wouldn't have gone through with this in the first place.

Maybe he wouldn't even be with Hannibal.

Once, a version of Will like that probably existed.

But now that version was gone.

Will certainly did not miss that version.

“Meat is back on the menu.” Will muttered quietly.

The knife cut through Bedelia’s leg, blood sputtering onto both her and

Hannibal.

Hannibal cut through the leg rather easily. Surprisingly, there was less blood then Will expected. Some blood soaked through the cracks in the floor, a small pool forming around their feat.

The sight of blood pooling before him would have given Will a heart attack *once.*

As Hannibal tore through the bone and flesh, the room filled with unpleasant cracks and tears.

The sounds of flesh tearing and bones breaking would've scared Will once.

Not anymore.

After he had cut the leg off, Hannibal had to make sure he closed the wound in order to make sure Bedelia wouldn't bleed out.

At least, not until after dinner.

When the deed was finally done, Hannibal turned to Will, holding Bedelia's leg as though it were some trophy. "You go tie her up downstairs while I cook this lovely piece of meat." Hannibal said.

Will nodded before waking up to Hannibal and planting a kiss on his lips. "I know you'll cook it perfectly, darling. You always do." Will said in a low, sultry voice.

Hannibal smirked and said, "That's partly because I know exactly how you want it - cooked well but still with blood oozing."

Will returned Hannibal's devilish smirk and purred, "Exactly."

Kissing Will's nose gently, Hannibal said, "I'll make sure it's perfect for my dearest Will. Now, quickly, tie her up before the curare wears off."

Will nodded, picking up Bedelia's lip body and carrying her downstairs

where he proceeded to tie her to a chair in the dining room. After tying her up, Will stepped back to admire his handiwork. The curare was probably going to wear off soon but even if it did, the bounds Will placed Bedelia in were tight enough to secure a horse.

She was not getting out of that chair anytime soon.

Judging from the smell and humming noises coming from the kitchen, Hannibal was still busy cooking which gave Will some time to clean up the mess in the bedroom in case anyone was to come inspect the place for clues.

It was a well known fact that Hannibal Lecter had amazing timing.

It was how he happened to catch Beverly Katz snooping in his home.

And how he caught Bedelia trying to escape when they were in Florence.

Or how he happened to meet Will at a time when his mental state was vulnerable and breakable.

In this case, Hannibal had timmed exactly so that when he was finished cooking their meal, Will was just finished cleaning up the evidence and preparing the table.

The three sat at the table, Bedelia now able to move and speak, although still confide to her binds. Hannibal cut them each a piece of Bedelia's leg - served with a bunch of other stuff Will couldn't be bothered to remember. "Are you hungry, Bedelia?" Will asked, his grin not dissimilar to that an insane person would wear.

"I'm afraid I've lost my appetite." Bedelia responded flatly, not even bothering to eat her food.

"Aw, you're not going to eat when I've spent all this time preparing this very special meal for you, Bedelia?" Hannibal asked.

“I find it's hard to eat when it is my own leg being served to me.” Bedelia said.

Will shrugged, cutting a piece of the cooked leg and placing the piece into his mouth, blood dripping from where Will took out the piece. “If it's any consolation prize, blood is an excellent taste on you.” Will said.

When Bedelia still refused to eat, Hannibal rose from his seat and leaned down so that his face was close to her.

“If you continue to refuse to eat, my dear, that would he very rude of you. I would have to force you to eat it and that would just make things more slower and painful for you. Do you want that?”

Although she tried to hide it, it was obvious those words made Bedelia flinch.

Reluctantly, Bedelia opened her mouth and allowed Hannibal to feed her a piece of her leg. As Will watched, he couldn't help but ravish in the demise of one of his rivals for Hannibal's love. Bedelia caught Will’s eye and the FBI agent merely grinned at her - expression void of sympathy or guilt.

To add insult to injury, Will looked Bedelia, pointed to Hannibal when the man wasn't looking and mouthed:

*“He’s **mine.**”*

Clearly, Bedelia noticed.

About half an hour into their meal, Will’s mind started to wonder as he thought about what else they could do to poor Bedelia.

Perhaps they could skin her alive and send her skin to Frederick Chilton? It was Will’s fault that he lost his skin in the first place, this would be Will’s way of replacing it!

Or they could send her disembodied head to Jack!

*Or rearrange her entire body into a statue, an artwork, a masterpiece - a symbol of **their** love!*

They could then take a picture and send it to Freddie Lounds and see how she somehow accuses Will - a supposedly missing man - of criminal activity this time!

Or they could do all of them!

Will looked at their victim, who looked terrified despite the calm expression she tried to maintain. "Bedelia, aren't you going to compliment the chef on his cooking?" Will asked.

Bedelia looked away, grimacing slightly, "I'm afraid…"

"Eating meat is a matter of taste."

Chapter End Notes

Recap:

- Will was angry.

- Hannibal was trying to figure out why.

- Hannibal had mumbled Bedelia's name in his sleep and Will was jealous as fuck.

- Hannibal reassured Will that his heart belonged only to Will.

- Will cheered up.

- Will wanted to kill Bedelia.

- Hannibal was surprised by Will's suggestion but was like Heeeeelll yeah.

- They went to Bedelia's house.

- Bedelia figured out they were there and tried to run.

- Will knocked her out.

- Will took her upstairs, tied her to the bed and changed her into another dress.

- Hannibal prepared the dinner.

- Hannibal came and gave Bedelia a drug to make her unable to move but still able to feel pain.

- They cut off Bedelia's leg and sealed the wound so she wouldn't bleed out.

- Hannibal went to cook the leg.

- Will tied Bedelia to a chair in the dinning room downstairs.

- Will cleaned up the evidence.

- Will did the table.

- Dinner was served.

- Bedelia didn't eat so Hannibal had to force feed her.

- Will thought of different they could do with Bedelia.

- Will made it clear who Hannibal belonged to.

Alive

Chapter Summary

After killing Bedelia Du Maurier, Will and Hannibal send "gifts" to a few of their friends before fleeing to Paris.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham felt alive.

Bedelia Du Maurier was officially dead.

They had cut off both of her arms and legs and made her eat them.

Then they chopped her head off.

Blood. Went. Everywhere!

After she was dead, they collected some of her blood and put it into a lipstick container before sending it to Alana as a “present” from her lovely wife, Margot.

Then they sent the disembodied head to Jack.

They then took a picture of what was left of her body and sent it to Freddie Lounds.

Then they peeled the skin off of whatever was left of poor Bedelia and sent it to Dr. Frederick Chilton.

Not the bones, of course - those were burnt and then thrown into the nearest river.

Oh yeah - they also donated her hair to charity.

See?

Will wasn't a horrible person.

Hahahahahahahaha.

As if anyone could still believe that.

Except maybe Hannibal Lecter.

They were just as bad as each other.

Now, they were up in the air, flying on their way to Paris. Hannibal had gotten them first class seats - everything was a gold colour and they got unlimited food and drinks. It was absolute luxury!

It still took Will by surprise, however, whenever the flight attendants would refer to him as “Mr. Envie” - that was the last name Hannibal came up for them.

Both he and Hannibal were going by different identities now - of course they couldn't use their previous names in France, it would be too obvious. Hannibal was supposed to be an artist - Alexis Envie. Will was supposed to he his husband - Charles Envie. They were supposed to be people of high mobility, as Hannibal was supposedly a very famous artist.

Everything Will was not.

Hannibal had tried to reassure Will. He had given Will lots of kisses and told him Will would be able to play the role just fine. As much as Will appreciate Hannibal comforting him, Will knew better.

Will Graham was anything BUT fancy.

Will wasn't exactly comfortable with pretending to be something he’s not but it was for Hannibal and besides, it's not like they had any other options.

Any GOOD options, at least.

It seems like Hannibal had spent a lot of time planning this - perfecting their fake passports and identities as well as sorting out a place for them to live and getting himself a job - and Will couldn't help but wonder how far in advance this was planned.

Hannibal had even planned which clothes shop he would take Will to once hen landed and got settled in!

Pat of Will was flattered that Hannibal had wanted to run away with him for so long.

The other part of Will had no idea what to make of this.

Will looked over at Hannibal, who was sitting next to him and reading what appeared to be a fashion magazine. Although Will was glad that they were the only ones flying first class because he got to be alone with Hannibal, when they weren't talking the silence made Will feel kind of awkward.

“So…” Will began trying to break the silence, “Can I ask you something?”

Hannibal looked up from his magazine and smiled at Will, his expression both gentle and curious as he replied, “Of course.”

“The other day when you threatened that rude man on the phone, you referred to me as your husband - multiple times, about four if I remember correctly. Was that just for the sake of keeping up these fake identities of ours or…” Will trailed off, feeling his cheeks heat up.

“Oh, I did call you my husband, didn't I?” Hannibal asked, “To be honest, I didn't even realise I had said it.”

Will blinked in surprise and asked, “Really?”

Hannibal nodded, saying, “I believe I said it without really thinking first.”

Will was shocked - he had no idea what to make of this.

Hannibal Lecter said something without thinking?

“You also called me your husband - when we were having Bedelia for dinner.” Hannibal pointed out.

Will blushed, nervously rubbing his cheek as he said, “I don't know why I said that. I was just...just...envious of her feelings for you and I wanted her know that you're **mine** and...and-”

“Essentially, you were jealous.” Hannibal said.

“I was *envious.”* Will insisted, glaring when Hannibal smirked at him.

“That's the same thing.” Hannibal said.

“Same *fucking* difference!” Will snapped.

“Will, be honest.” Hannibal said, “How do you feel about me?”

Will blushed, hesitating for a moment as he wondered whether he should answer or not. “Well…” Will mumbled softly.

“You make me feel like I’m *drowning* and I *can't breathe.* It's like I’m swimming in an ocean of *lies* and *false promises.* I’m waiting for myself to *inevitably drown* yet I haven't yet because *you're keeping me alive.* Even though the water is drowning me, it's also keeping me alive at the same time. I *can't survive* without you but with you I’m *dooming myself anyways* - either I am *dooming myself to death* or *never* being able to have a *normal* life. It's *toxic* - it's extremely *toxic* - yet just as the toxins have polluted the water, it's also begun to *taint me* too. It's making me *like* it - making me *crave it* - and I find myself *wanting more* of it - **loving** it.”

“And by further extent, loving me - assuming the metaphor of this toxic water is a symbolic representation of me.” Hannibal added.

Will blushed but didn't respond, too scared to agree nor disagree in case he ended up embarrassing himself. Will looked down at his hands in his lap, too scared to meet Hannibal's gaze in fear of what he might find. Will hoped Hannibal didn't take his analogy the wrong way - it wasn't that he didn't want to he with Hannibal but Hannibal was bad for him and Will knew that, yet he couldn't bare to live without him despite that. A firm yet gentle hand reached under Will’s chin and turned the empath’s head so that he was staring into Hannibal's gorgeous eyes. “Would you like to know how I feel?” Hannibal asked.

Will gulped nervously - he couldn't tell what kind of expression Hannibal had at all. Still though, Will nodded.

Hannibal probably would've told him anyways, regardless of Will’s answer.

“Since we’re going with the theme of metaphors, I am God, staring down at the Earth. I look at what has become of my creations, those meant to be made in my image - humans. They're selfish, greedy and incredibly *rude* - not all of them but enough to warrant the *extermination* of the entire race. So I *kill* them. At first, I just pick out the *rudest* of them *kill them* in such ways that are bound to noticed so that *my message* can be sent - *change your ways or else you’ll all die.* Of course, my message goes unheard so I continue *killing* and *killing* and *killing.* After many attempts, I ponder if I should perhaps just *exterminate the entire race* but then, amongst the other insignificant beings, I spot an angel lost in a crowd of humans. An *angel* so *pure,* so

innocent. An *angel* who is willing to *live and socialise* with these *despicable, miserable creatures* even though *he is above* such things. This *angel* demonstrates perfectly what it means to have a *heart of gold* and to *wear your heart on your sleeve.* This *angel* emphasises with *everyone* and is willing to listen *even to Satan himself.* For some reason, this *angel* likes the humans and *wants to help them.* It is because of this *angel* that I allow most of the human race to continue to live - except, of course, for those who continue to be *extremely rude.* Since I've first had the privilege of laying my eyes on this *absolutely gorgeous and beautiful angel,* I've been watching him - *observing him* - and I admit I've grown *fond* of him. He is the only creature capable of halting my blade, *even if he doesn't always know that he does.* It wasn't my intention but because I have involved myself so heavily with this *angel,* I have become *infatuated* and have *fallen in love with him.* I have hope that, in time, I will be able to make him *my queen."*

Will's eyes widened.

He knew from Bedelia that Hannibal was in love with him but to actually hear him admit it caught Will off guard and to top it off, Hannibal has thought about marrying Will!

Although Will himself was not yet ready to tie the knot with Hannibal - *although technically they, or rather their personas, already have* - he was still elated to hear Hannibal's words, as it showed him that Hannibal did indeed love Will and Will did indeed mean something to him.

Tears ran down Will's face as he through himself into Hannibal's arms. Hannibal was surprised at the unexpected hug but hugged Will back, gently stroking his lover's cheek. "What wrong, my dearest?" Hannibal asked, slight concern and confusion in his tone.

"Nothing, I'm just… *Really* happy to hear you say that." Will replied, his nose sniffling and voice cracking from crying.

Hannibal rubbed Will's back comfortingly. A playful smirk appeared on Hannibal's face as he asked, "Getting emotional in your old age, are you?"

Will pouted playfully and pointed out, "Hey, you're older than me!"

"And clearly I am the man in this relationship." Hannibal jokingly said.

"What relationship?" Will asked, "I don't recall you ever asking me to be your boyfriend."

“We’ve made out, shared a bed, killed people together and we are now pretending to be married - I think it goes without saying that we're together.” Hannibal pointed out.

“Then why don't we make it official?” Will asked, trying to sound seductive.

“Technically, it is official. Officially, we are Mr. and Mr. Envie.” Hannibal replied.

Will rolled his eyes - *why couldn't Hannibal just play along? Just once?*

Hannibal smirked - *clearly he liked messing with Will.*

“I meant official to just you and me.” Will said.

“Well, in that case…” Hannibal said, kissing the side of Will’s neck.

Soft gasps and moans escaped Will as Hannibal kissed his neck. Hannibal leaned over to whisper into Will’s ear, his hot breath rubbing against Will’s neck and sending shivers down Will’s spine.

“Would you do me the honour of being my boyfriend, Will?”

Will gasped as Hannibal bit his neck, his voice breathless as he responded.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

I feel like Hannibal sees himself and Will superior to the average person. He may not necessarily actually see himself as a literal God but Hannibal, in my opinion, feels like he has to do what he does because he is punishing the rude which justifies the deed in his mind. Hannibal feels like it's up to him to punish the rude and those who think they are above the law.

Will on the other hand doesn't necessarily think they are superior to the people they kill - he mostly follows with what Hannibal tells him to do to make Hannibal happy. The thrill of the kill does genuinely excite Will and he does indeed like killing. Will uses the idea of their victims only being rude people as a way to true tp justify their actions in his mind to surpress the guilt. Most of the time, this doesn't work.

Sleepy

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is always telling Will that he needs to take care of himself but when Hannibal deprives himself from sleep and refuses to rest, Will has to resort to drastic measures...

C U D D L E S !

Chapter Notes

Title is a massive mood.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham was sleepy.

The plane ride to Paris was very long and tedious - *much longer than any trip Will had been on prior.* Out of excitement to see what's was install for both of them, neither of them had slept on the plane and since they had caught an early flight, they were both pretty tired.

When the shuttle finally came - there were a couple of people the driver needed to pick up and drop off before Will and Hannibal - both of them were *exhausted.* Of course, Hannibal had played it off better than Will, who was so sleepy he nearly fell while trying to get into the shuttle, only to be thankfully caught by Hannibal.

Will, however, could tell that Hannibal was really just as sleepy - if not more than - as Will was.

The hotel they would be staying in was about three hours from the airport. Original they wanted something a bit closer to the airport but the area the hotel they y.eventually booked in was surrounded by lots of beaches, lakes, shops and things to do. Since no one else was in the shuttle with them and no one was going to join them as this was the driver's last job for the morning, or so he claimed, Will suggested to Hannibal that he should sleep for a bit until they arrived.

Of course, Hannibal being, well Hannibal, that was not going to happen easily.

“I’m not tired.” Hannibal said but the bags under his eyes, as well as the fact it was obvious to see he was fighting back a yawn, betrayed him, “However, if you would like to sleep, that's fine by me. You looked like you were about to pass out earlier.”

It's true that Will was tired - he and Hannibal had stayed up until midnight packing the last of Will’s stuff, *who was not nearly as organised as Hannibal.* They had to be at the airport at 6:00am for a 8:15am take off. Will had woken up at 4:30 am but Hannibal woke up an hour before to start taking the luggage to the door so Will didn't have to do much when he woke up. Of course, Will didn't know Hannibal had woken up earlier until Will woke up and found Hannibal already very much awake - otherwise Will would've woken up with Hannibal to help him.

Clearly, Hannibal needed the sleep much more than Will did.

“I’m fine, love.” Will replied, “You’ve been awake for ages, just rest your eyes a bit.”

Hannibal hesitated and for a moment and for a second, Will thought he might be considered it. Hannibal's lips were pressed into a thin line, reluctance written all over his face as he said, “But-”

“No buts!” Will exclaimed, “Look, just come here.”

Without warning, Will pulled Hannibal down so that the doctor’s head was resting on Will’s chest. “You don't have to sleep but at the very least, just close your eyes for a bit until we get there.” Will said.

To Will’s satisfaction, Hannibal snuggled a bit closer int his chest, saying, “Well, alright but just for a bit.”

Will smiled victoriously before going back to browsing through various news articles on the new phone Hannibal had brought him as they were preparing to leave - he was worried about Jack tracing their phones or something. As he clicked through various articles, Will stroked his lover's hair.

Within minutes, Will had begun to hear something very strange.

Will looked over at Hannibal, whose eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily.

Hannibal was asleep!

After overcoming his initial shock, Will had to cover his mouth to muffle his laughter.

Who knew cannibalistic murderers looked so cute when they slept?

Smiling, Will decided to let his lover sleep and went back to looking through the news. After a couple of articles, Will found something interesting.

“DOCTOR AND AUTHOR FREDERICK CHILTON AS GONE BACK TO RUNNING THE BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL.”

Will was surprised that Frederick was able to go back to running the hospital after all that had happened to him over the years. Will wondered if the place reminded Frederick of his trauma or if dealing with other people’s issues somehow got his mind off of his own. The article had a picture of Frederick in his hospital bed after having his skin burnt off as well as a picture of him now - looking *much* better than he did when Will last saw him.

At least his skin and hair have finally started to grow back.

Considering what had happened, Frederick had made a pretty miraculous recovery.

The knowledge of Frederick’s recovery still didn't make Will feel any less guilty for causing those injuries in the first place, which to be fair wasn't very much to begin with.

Something else interesting in the article caught Will’s eye.

“Our reporters approached Dr. Chilton for his comments on his recovery, however, he refused to comment at this point in time.”

Will found that odd - he thought Frederick would love the attention.

Then Will thought of Bedelia’s words:

"The traumatized are unpredictable because we know we can survive."

Does this incident make Frederick Chilton unpredictable?

Unpredictable meant dangerous so if these words rang true, Will and Hannibal may have to find a way to dispose of the author and psychiatrist later on.

Speaking of Bedelia, Will wondered if Frederick got the pieces of her skin they had sent him?

Will opened a new tab - he didn't close his previous tab as he wanted to keep it open to show Hannibal when he woke up. Wil typed into the search bar, *"Tattle Crime."*

As expected, the newest update of featured an article on Bedelia's death and the "gifts" everyone received, courtesy of one Freddie Lounds.

"MURDER OF THE PSYCHIATRIST OF HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL - COULD THE MURDER HUSBANDS BE AT IT AGAIN?"

Will couldn't help but roll his eyes at her nickname for Hannibal, although the Murder Husbands thing was definitely appealing, as he read through the article. The article stated that after the police were made known of the various *"gifts"* people had been sent and the recipients identified the contents of said gifts as parts belonging to Bedelia Du Maurier, an investigation was conducted at her house. They tried opening the door but ended up having to force it open as the door was locked and Bedelia's keys weren't on her body. Will was not surprised - *Hannibal had taken her keys, melted them and discarded them before they left.* The police couldn't find any clues as to who killed her but they were sure it was indeed murder and due to the violent fashion, their top suspect was Hannibal - *although by the sounds of it, they didn't really have any evidence to base that assumption on.* As expected, Freddie brought up Will.

"If the murderer of Dr. Du Maurier is indeed Hannibal the Cannibal, perhaps Will Graham - a missing FBI agent who is quite close to the killer - is involved with the murder too."

Will rolled his eyes.

Typical Freddie Lounds - always looking to blame something on him.

The article didn't particularly worry Will. Although both of their names were brought up, they had expected their names would indeed be the first to be thrown around and by the sounds of it, the police lacked sufficient evidence to actually prove it was either of them.

At this point in time, it would be impossible for the police to arrest them.

Relieved at this news, Will closed the tab - *that was more than enough of Freddie Lounds for one day* - and put his phone away, focusing his attention back on the gorgeous being sleeping in his arms.

When Hannibal eventually woke up, he momentarily forgot what he and Will were supposed to be doing when he fell asleep.

They were in the shuttle on their way to their hotel room.

But where Hannibal was now was definitely not the back of a shuttle.

Hannibal sat up in the bed he had been laid in. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Hannibal gazed around the room and quickly recognised it from the photos he had seen - *he was in their hotel room.*

The room looked even nicer than Hannibal had anticipated after seeing the photos. He was in the ensuite - *lying on what was perhaps the fluffiest bed in the world* - which was connected to one out of the three bathrooms their room had. There was also a living room which also had a kitchen in it - *judging from the smell of tea brewing, that was where Will was.*

Hannibal yawned softly, leaning back into the pillows. Hannibal realised he probably should get up to see if Will needs help with anything but for some reason his body was too tired to move - *this was very much unlike Hannibal.*

Sure enough, after a couple of minutes, Will came in carrying two cups of tea. “I see you’re finally awake, sleepyhead.” Will said, handing Hannibal a cup of tea, “So much for not being sleepy.”

Taking a sip of tea, Hannibal said, “You were supposed to wake me up.”

Will sat on the end of the bed, next to Hannibal. “I couldn't bring myself to do it - you looked too cute when you were asleep. Besides, you were snoring so loudly I didn't think you would wake up if I tried

to wake you.” Will replied with a smirk.

“Me? Snore?” Hannibal asked with a raised eyebrow, studying Will’s face for any sign that the other was joking.

“Yeah, if only you could’ve heard yourself. It was so loud that the shuttle driver heard too - it was so embarrassing!” Will said, smirk widening.

“That couldn't have happened - it’s impossible.” Hannibal said.

Now, it was Will’s turn to raise an eyebrow. “How do you know that?” Will asked.

“Because I don’t snore.” Hannibal replied.

Will rolled his eyes at that, saying, “You can’t possibly know that.”

“Of course I know that.” Hannibal replied, unfazed.

Will placed his hands on his hips, asking, “And how, pray tell, do you know that?”

“I just do.” Hannibal replied.

Will scoffed. “What, you just magically know this?” Will asked.

“I know many things.” Hannibal responded.

“Like?” Will asked.

Hannibal grinned devilishly.

“Like you’re ticklish.”

Will’s eyes widened at the word *“ticklish"*.

“Wait, what!?”

Without warning, Will was suddenly dragged onto the bed next to Hannibal, who quickly pinned Will beneath him. As soon as he realised what Hannibal was up to, Will began to struggle desperately but to no avail.

Hannibal took off Will’s tie and used it to tie Will’s hands together above his head. “H-Hey!” Will gasped, now bound and vulnerable to Hannibal’s touch.

Ignoring Will's pleas, Hannibal unbuttoned Will's shirt and began to run his hand over Will's chest and abs. Will shivered at Hannibal's touch, practically melting under Hannibal's lustful gaze. Hannibal's hands made their way to Will's sidee, hovering over it teasingly so that the tips of his fingers just barely brushed against Will's skin. Will's breath hitched in his throat as he whispered, "Don't…"

Hannibal began to lightly tickle Will's side. Biting his lip, Will managed to stifle his laughter for a little bit.

That is, until Hannibal increased the tickling.

"AHH!!!" Will squealed as both of Hannibal's hands grabbed a hold of either side of Will and began mercilessly tickling the fidgeting empath.

Will bursted into a fit of uncontrollable gasps and giggles, his face turning dark red at one point as a snort escapes him. Smirking, Hannibal leaned down to whisper into his gasping and shaking lover's ear, "I love seeing you like this will. I love seeing you vulnerable and helpless beneath me, thrashing against me as I dominate you."

Will blushed at Hannibal's tone, his words bringing inappropriate thoughts into Will's head. Panting as he tried to regain his breath, Will's voice was breathless, a whisper.

"Would you...like to...dominate me in… *other* ways?"

Hannibal stopped his tickling for a moment. Raising an eyebrow in surprise at Will's proposal, "You mean…?"

Will's grinned shyly, his face a dark red, "Y-Yeah...I mean, if you want to."

"More than anything." Hannibal breathed, already feeling himself become aroused at the mere thought if getting to dominate Will and make love to such an amazing and beautiful person, "But do you?"

Will answered by placing his hand on the back of Hannibal's head and pulling their lips together.

It was their first kiss.

At least, it was their first kiss in Paris and under the fake identities Hannibal had created for then.

But it most certainly would not be their last.

Chapter End Notes

Spoiler alert: they are gonna fuck.

Also, Will was bluffing about the whole snoring thing - he just wanted to see Hannibal's reaction. It was dissapointing, to say the least.

Horny

Chapter Summary

Will needs Hannibal more than he needs to breathe - he's realised this ages ago.

Now, Hannibal finally gets to claim Will as his.

In other words: they fuck.

Literally, that's all there is in this chapter.

Chapter Notes

In case you haven't read the warning:

THERE IS SEX IN THIS CHAPTER!

Actually, to be more precise - ***SEX IS LITERALLY THE ONLY THING IN THIS CHAPTER!***

So, story-wise, if you are uncomfortable with sex scenes, you can skip this chapter without missing out on anything too important - of course, it is preferred that you read the chapter in order to get the full picture and see every aspect of the development of Hannibal and Will's relationship in it's entirety.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Will Graham was horny as **fuck.***

Will’s lips were currently locked against Hannibal’s in a fiery, passionate kiss. Hannibal’s tongue was in Will’s mouth and their tongues moved against each other rhythmically, as if engaging in an elegant dance of sorts.

Will’s hands were gripping Hannibal’s shoulders, his grip not painful but quite firm - *almost as if Will’s life would end, should he happen to let go of Hannibal.*

Hannibal's arms were around Will's waist, groping Will's naked ass.

Will couldn't even remember when or how their clothes managed to come off - not that Will was complaining.

Will's legs were firmly wrapped around Hannibal, pulling Hannibal closer so that they were in a straddling position.

When they pulled away for air, both Hannibal and Will were panting from the intensity of their kiss. Both of their faces were tinted red and they both had lustful gazes. As soon as Hannibal had regained his breath, his lips were once again upon Will - this time on the empath's neck.

Hannibal bit and sucked at the tender skin, earning gasps and moans from Will. Will's nails began to dig into Hannibal's back, scratching it - it hurt but Will made sure to not make it hard enough to bleed.

Still, Hannibal growled lowly, biting harder into Will's sensitive neck, causing Will to cry out in both pain and pleasure.

"Scream louder for me, my darling boy." Hannibal whispered into Will's ear seductively.

As Hannibal once again sank his teeth into Will's neck, Will once again cried out - *much* louder this time. Hannibal smirked, aroused by the noises Will was making.

Hannibal's tongue and teeth made marks on every possible area of Will's neck - decorating Will's delectable neck with multiple hickeys.

When he had finished, Hannibal pulled back to admire his design while Will tried to regain his breath. In normal circumstances, Will would have probably been concerned about how the heck he would cover the hickeys up when he's out in public after. However, the pleasure and arousal made it hard to concentrate on anything other than Hannibal and the blissful pleasure Will was feeling.

Pushing Will down so that his back was flat on the bed, Hannibal bent forward until his lips brushed against Will's chest. Gently, Hannibal began to trail soft kisses down Will's chest, his fingers reaching up to play with Will's nipple s as he did so. Will groaned at the sensation, moaning softly as Hannibal licked his nipple before continuing his kisses.

Eventually, Hannibal's lips reached Will's waist, just above Will's penis. Will whimpered softly as Hannibal's lips hovered over his member teasingly. "Tell me what you want, Will." Hannibal demanded, voice quiet and gentle but the command non-negotiable.

If Will wasn't craving Hannibal's touch so badly, he may have considered putting up more of a fight than he did.

"I-I want you…" Will whimpered as Hannibal's fingers teasingly brushed against his dick.

"And what would you like me to do, Will?" Hannibal purred, smirking at how needy his lover was.

"I want…" Will trailed off, his face turning dark red, "I want you to...to suck on my cock."

Usually, Hannibal would've reprimanded Will for such inappropriate language, but admittedly he was quite excited to have the opportunity to taste his beautiful Will.

Without needing to be told twice, Hannibal did as Will requested and placed his lips on Will's cock, beginning to suck and lick Will's length. Will moaned, leaning his head back. Hannibal's tongue slowly ran up and down Will's length, going extra slaw and making sure to taste every area. Will gripped the bedsheets as he moaned, trying to move his dick further into Hannibal's mouth without choking him, to not much luck. After a couple of minutes - *when Hannibal could sense Will nearing the end of his patience* - Hannibal took more of Will's length in his mouth. Will moaned louder, his grip on the sheets tightening as he whispered.

"More."

Who was Hannibal to disobey such a request?

Will thrusted deeper into Hannibal's mouth and eventually, Hannibal was sucking on nearly Will's entire length. Will was shaking beneath Hannibal, trying to control hisq gasps and moans as he asked, "Am I...hurting you? I...I don't want you to choke-"

Hannibal made a dismissive noise which Will knew meant that - *no, Will was not hurting him, Hannibal wasn't going to choke and Will doesn't*

have to worry.

Will opened his mouth to say more but cut himself off with a moan as Hannibal licked his tip. Will's eyes rolled to the back of his head momentarily due to the overwhelming pleasure.

*It felt so **FUCKING** good.*

"H-Hannibal…" Will whispered, "More!"

Hannibal smirked at how needy Will sounded and continued to lick and suck at Will's tip, the empath shaking from pleasure. After several more minutes - or perhaps it was hours, Will had admittedly lost track as well as interest in the time - Will finally said, his voice shaking and breathless, "I-I can't….H-Hannibal, I need to cum!"

Releasing Will's cock from his mouth briefly, Hannibal responded, "Then cum for me, Will."

Moments later, Will gave a loud cry before releasing his hot, sticky white seed into Hannibal's mouth, who swallowed Will's load effortlessly - without so much as a flinch. Hannibal hummed in satisfaction as Will panted, struggling to regain his breaths. "As I expected, you tasted absolutely spectacular, my darling and dearest Will." Hannibal announced.

"So what now?" Will asked.

"We keep going." Hannibal replied, "That is, if you are up for it?"

Will grinned, replying, "Hell yeah, I am."

Will looked over at his tie - which had been taken off his wrists and discarded a while ago - and an idea came to his mind.

"Tie me up."

Hannibal was admittedly surprised and caught off guard by the suggestion as he asked, "Pardon?"

"Tie me up and torture me - hurt me. Treat me like a piece of filth - punish me for whatever the fuck you like. Don't let me cum until you think I deserve it." Will said, the look in his eyes showing that he was deadly serious.

Hannibal paused for a moment, considering Will's proposal for a moment. It wasn't that Hannibal didn't want to do all those things to

Will - *far from it, actually, as Hannibal found the idea quite enticing* - but Hannibal was more concerned with whether Will really wanted it and how it might affect Will's mental state.

"Will…" Hannibal began but was cut off by Will.

"I'll call you master, if you want me to."

"Deal."

Will grinned victoriously as Hannibal grabbed their ties and sat on top of Will. "Put your wrists together." Hannibal commanded and Will hurried to obey.

Using one of the ties, Hannibal ties Will's wrists together - not tight enough to majorly damage Will but enough to make the empath whimper. Hannibal then used the other tie to bind Will's feet together. After he was done, Hannibal moved back to admire his work. "Can you move your arms and feet at all?"

Will grimaced and shook his head slightly with a small whimper. Hannibal folded his arms, giving his lover a dissatisfied glare. "I expect a verbal response when I speak to you, Will." Hannibal said.

Will felt himself melt under Hannibal's icy glare as he quickly said, "N-No…"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, still not quite satisfied. "No who?" Hannibal asked, grabbing Will's chin roughly and forcing the other to meet Hannibal's commanding gaze.

"N-No, master..." Will finally said, whimpering as he tried moving his wrists and ankles a bit, "It hurts…"

"Does it, now?" Hannibal asked, feigning interest.

Will nodded in response, saying, "Y-Yes, master."

Hannibal bent down and gently held Will's wrists again. Just when Will thought the psychiatrist was planning on taking off his binds, a shriek escaped Will's soft lips as Hannibal tightened the ties around Will's wrists and feet, causing Will even more pain and discomfort. "Better?" Hannibal sarcastically asked.

"Y-Yes, master. T-Thank you, master." Will quietly responded, despite the intense pain.

Although Will's voice had fear and pain in it, Will was actually quite aroused by Hannibal's abuse and rough treatment. Will could already feel himself starting to get hard again and they hadn't even done much yet. "Now, I need to go get something which will allow me to better discipline you. You are to stay here and if you have moved so much as a step when I return, you will be in big trouble. Understood?" Hannibal instructed.

"Yes, master." Will said.

It was unusual for Will to receive such harsh treatment from Hannibal - he had certainly see other people suffer Hannibal's wrath but he was yet to experience it himself first hand, save for that time when Will had betrayed him and Hannibal stabbed him at his house.

Even if it was just for the purpose of their little roleplay, seeing Hannibal angry was absolutely terrifying.

Yet, at the same time, it was strangely arousing.

Will wanted more of it.

As Hannibal walked out of the room, Will debated on whether he should obey Hannibal's command and stay still or if he should anger Hannibal on purpose to see Hannibal's reaction. After a couple of minutes, Hannibal had not yet returned and Will was getting bored. Will began to wiggle around a bit, trying to loosen the binds on his arms and ankles. After enough wiggling and flailing about, Will managed to loosen them just enough to be able to move.

Will stood up.

Will began making his way to the door of the bedroom, intending to follow after Hannibal and see where he had gone. However, before he could even leave the room, the bedroom door flew open and standing there was a disappointed-looking Hannibal. Will gulped nervously as Hannibal approached him, shaking his head and making a 'tsk' sound.

"My dear, dear Will, I'm disappointed in you."

Will winced at those words - pretend or not he didn't really like disappointing Hannibal.

"You'll have to be punished for that, you know."

Will looked down at Hannibal's hand and noticed he was carrying a bag. Will noticed something poking out of the bag.

Were those sex toys!?

Will tilted his head, trying to get a better look but Hannibal grabbed his chin and forced Will to look back up and meet his gaze. "Get onto your knees." Hannibal demanded, "Now. "

Will did as he was told and fell to his knees. Hannibal smirked and grabbed a black cloth from the bag he was carrying and placed it over Will's eyes, tying it around his head so that Will was unable to see. "Can you see anything?" Hannibal asked.

Will shook his head, saying, "No, master."

"Good." Hannibal said before placing something around Will's neck.

Will wondered what was around his neck - the material on his neck was leathery but there was something else connected to it that was long, cold and metallic.

Was this a collar?

And was the thing attached to it a metal chain of some sort?

Hannibal then tightened the binds on Will's wrists and ankles - *tighter this time, if that was even possible.* Will whimpered and winced at the pain. Will heard Hannibal looking around his bag for something and suddenly something was slipped onto Will's cock.

As soon as he felt it, Will had a feeling he knew exactly what it was.

As well as that, something long and hard was inserted into Will's ass, causing Will to yelp in pain as the object was forced inside. The object began to vibrate and Will moaned.

Well, he could certainly tell what that was.

Will felt Hannibal's hand caressing his hair, gently tucking Will's brown locks behind his ears as he whispered, "Can you feel them, Will?"

"Y-Yes, m-master…" Will said, biting his lip in order to suppress his moans.

“Tell me what they are.” Hannibal commanded.

“A...A c-cock ring and a… *ah!”* Will moaned loudly as Hannibal inserted the object in his ass deeper.

“Finish your sentence, Will. You haven’t finished answering me.” Hannibal said.

“I-It’s a dildo!” Will forced out, gasping and shaking as the dildo vibrated within him.

Hannibal rubbed Will’s chest from behind, his hands rubbing against Will’s nipples, causing Will to moan. “Good boy.” Hannibal purred into Will’s ear.

Will beamed at the praise - *finally he was doing something right for once!*

Hannibal hands began messaging Will’s chest and nipples and his lips dived onto the soft skin of Will’s neck once again. Hannibal began ravaging Will’s already bruised neck once again - biting and sucking the soft, sensitive skin. Will moaned loudly, leaning his head back and shivering as he leaned into Hannibal’s embrace. “Hanni-” Will began but quickly realised his error and corrected himself, “M-Master! Master!”

“You’re such a good boy, Will, and you’re so beautiful.” Hannibal whispered to Will, “You don’t know how arousing it is to see you like this - aroused, helpless and desperate for me.”

Will moaned in response, whispering, “I want you, master - I *need* you!”

“If I offered to give you release, what would you give me in exchange?” Hannibal asked.

“A-Anything!” Will exclaimed between moans, “Anything, master!”

Will wanted Hannibal.

Scratch that - *he needed Hannibal.*

The dildo that had been forced into Will’s ass - *stretching his hole so painfully, yet at the same time incredibly arousing.*

The ring on Will’s cock was irritating - it was preventing Will from releasing and *Holy fuck* did Will *need* to release - yet at the same time, the stimulation was filing Will with pleasure.

And if it weren't for the binds on Will's ankles and wrists - *which Will could no longer feel due to the tightness of his binds* - Will would've definitely torn off the blindfold ages ago.

Will hated not being able to see Hannibal - *to be able to look at his gorgeous face and watch all of the things Hannibal was doing to him* - yet at the same time, the idea of being left vulnerable for Hannibal to do *as he pleases* with Will was both frightening and ***hot as fuck.***

The arousal, the pleasure, the pain, the fear, the heat - they were all so *mind numbing, so overwhelming.*
Will was so hot - his body felt like it was on fire.

Will was so needy - he needed Hannibal's touch, his love.
Will wanted Hannibal.

Will needed Hannibal.

After mere minutes of the dildo being shoved nearly completely into Will's ass, Will was loudly screaming, gasping, moaning, groaning - *noises of pleasure, noises of submission, noises to prove that Will Graham belonged only to Hannibal Lecter and nobody else could ever please Will the way Hannibal did.*

It wasn't enough, however - Hannibal wanted further proof that Will was his.

Will heard the sound of a bag rustling - Hannibal must be getting something else to use on Will. Suddenly, Will felt a slash of pain as something metallic and cold cut against his skin. Will yelped at the pain, his breath getting caught in his throat.

Was that a knife!?

Fear striked into Will's heart - *yet even this fear was incredibly arousing. Not knowing what Hannibal was going to do next - not knowing how far Hannibal would take this and knowing Hannibal had a perfect opportunity to kill Will, if he really wanted to.*

Despite that, however, Will doubted Hannibal was going to kill him.

He didn't even think the idea occurred to Hannibal - not ever for a second.

Will believed this for two reasons:

Firstly, he knew that Hannibal definitely loved Will and would never kill Will or harm him.

Secondly, killing Will now would just be boring for both of them - especially Hannibal as Will wouldn't be alive for very long to feel the boredom.

Hannibal began tracing Will's skin with the knife - *cutting the skin enough to hurt, enough to make Will bleed but not nearly enough to kill or seriously injure Will.*

Will clenched his teeth, hissing at the pain. It was after a couple of strikes that Will realised what Hannibal was doing to his back - *he was writing a message.*

Paying close attention to the next couple of strikes, Will realised that it looked like Hannibal was writing a *"P"*. The next couple of strikes spelt out a *"R"*. Then a *"O"* which was followed by a *"P"* and an *"E"*. Then there was a *"R", "T"* and *"Y"*.

Property.

That was the first word Hannibal had written.

However, the continuing slashes on his back told Will that Hannibal was nowhere near finished.

"OF" was the next word Hannibal spelt.

Then "HANNIBAL" and finally, "LECTER".

"PROPERTY OF HANNIBAL LECTER."

That was the message Hannibal had carved into Will.

It was part of Hannibal's way of claiming Will.

Will smiled.

He was happy that Hannibal was claiming him.

He wanted to be claimed.

He wanted to be Hannibal's.

He needed to be Hannibal's.

"I'm yours…"

Those words left Will's lips before Will even realised he was saying it.

"I'm yours, master, I belong to you - only you."

Hannibal growled approvingly as he kissed Will's neck before licking the blood dripping down his lover's back.

"Make me yours, master! Please, claim me!"

To Will's relief, he soon felt Hannibal removing the cock ring and dildo, as well as the blindfold and the restraints of Will's wrists and ankles. Grabbing the chain that was attached to Will's collar, Hannibal yanked Will upwards. Although he was now able to move a bit more, Will didn't dare move. Hannibal circled around Will, not saying anything, just watching - *just observing.*

Like a predator stalking it's prey.

When Hannibal stopped circling around Will, he was standing directly behind Will. Will couldn't see Hannibal's face but he just knew the other was grinning widely - *madly.*

A hand pressed against Will's back, just above Will's ass - where the carvings Hannibal made were. Will winced at the pain of his wounds being touched but he still didn't move. Slowly, Hannibal's hand made it's way around to Will's stomach, slowly reaching up to Will's chest, then even further to Will's neck and chin, then finally, Will's lips. As soon as Hannibal's fingers brushed against Will's soft lips, Will immediately parted them so that Hannibal could slip his fingers in. "Suck." Hannibal commanded - it was a simple command, however, one word held so much meaning.

As arousing as being commanded and obeying Hannibal was, Will definitely would've parted his lips even if Hannibal didn't command him to.

That was what Hannibal loved about the whole situation - *how willing Will was.*

Will's tongue licked Hannibal's fingers while his mouth sucked on them, coating them in saliva. Hannibal rubbed up and down Will's shoulder and arm, whispering, "That's it, Will. You're doing such a good job."

Will moaned, although it was muffled by Hannibal's fingers. After a couple of minutes, Hannibal took his fingers out of Will's mouth and examined then. "That should be sufficient." Hannibal said, "Bend over the bed with your rear pointed towards me."

Will scrambled to obey, his heart pounding with anticipation and excitement. Hannibal positioned himself behind Will, asking, "Are you ready, my dearest?"

Will nodded, too breathless to respond verbally. "You will tell me if you want to stop or I need to slow down, yes?" Hannibal asked.

Again, Will nodded - *although he was sure he wouldn't be having to do that.*

Hannibal slipped a finger into Will's hole and began thrusting in and out of Will's small, tight hole. Will cried out at the initial pain of his hole being stretched and pulled by Hannibal's fingers. Hannibal noticed this so he made sure to go slow for the first couple of minutes, until he felt Will relax a bit. Blood seeped from Will's hole and Hannibal couldn't help but notice how *gorgeous* Will looked when he bled.

Hannibal pushed his fingers deeper into Will's hole, causing Will to wine in pain. Despite Will's whines, the pain wasn't as bad as it was before - *in fact, it was more pleasurable than painful.* When Hannibal's finger was nearly all the way in Will's hole, Hannibal decided to insert a second finger and conducted the same process as he did with the first, thrusting both fingers in and out of Will slowly - speeding up and slowing down whenever Will needed and only going deeper if Will was ready. Eventually, Hannibal inserted a third finger - then a forth and a fifth.

Eventually, practically Hannibal's entire fist had disappeared up Will's ass.

Hannibal's fingers thrusted in and out of Will, whose pain-filled whines had turned to noises of pleasure. Although Will loved the feeling of Hannibal's fingers stretching Will's butthole and pleasuring him, Will was beginning to grow impatient.

Will couldn't wait any longer - he needed Hannibal's cock in him.

Hannibal could tell that Will was becoming impatient and teasingly asked, "Why, Will, you look unsatisfied - is something wrong?"

As Will opened his mouth to respond, whatever he was going to say was lost on his lips as Hannibal's fingers thrust deeper into him, causing Will to moan. Hannibal leaned over to Will's ear, whispering, "Tell me what you want, Will."

"Y-You!" Will breathed, "I want you - only you!"

"And what would you like me to do? Remember to ask properly or else you won't receive your reward." Hannibal said.

Will whimpered. "I-I want you to put your dick in me. P-Please, master! Fuck me!" Will begged.

Hannibal smirked.

Usually Hannibal detested such vulgarity but in this instance, it was admittedly arousing.

"As you wish." Hannibal replied, slowly withdrawing his fingers from Will.

Will moaned as Hannibal's fingers pulled out of him and looked over his shoulder at Hannibal, who was positioning himself behind Will and aligning his dick with Will's hole. "Ready?" Hannibal asked.

"God, yes!" Will exclaimed, "Fuck me, master! Please!"

Hannibal inserted himself into Will's hole, the contact causing them both to moan - *Will much louder than Hannibal.* Will panted - although Hannibal had spent a while preparing him, the feeling of Hannibal's sizeable cock in him was still painful and still required adjusting. Will's hole began to bleed a bit more and Hannibal dipped the tip of his finger into some of the blood and put it into his mouth - *tasting* Will's blood. Hannibal hummed approvingly, saying, "You have no idea how wonderful you taste, Will."

"Please, move!" Will begged, his eyes needy and lustful.

Hannibal complied, beginning to thrust slowly in and out of Will - going gently just as he did when he had his fingers in Will's hole. Will moaned, glad that he was *finally* getting to feel Hannibal inside of him. After a couple of minutes, however, Will grew impatient once again.

"F-Faster!" Will ordered but upon remembering his role in their

roleplay, quickly corrected himself, “P-Please! Go faster please, master!”

Once again, Hannibal compiled, amused by how needy and horny Will was. Hannibal increased the speed and force of his thrusts, making Will bleed a bit more as Will cried out in pleasure. “Will, listen to me…” Hannibal whispered to Will, “I want you to play with yourself for me.”

With a shaking nod, Will reached down and began rubbing his length up and down, squeezing it tightly. Will moaned at the pleasure, throwing his head back happily. Beside them was a mirror, which was capturing all of their dirty deeds and reflecting it back for them to see - *to admire.*

“Tell me...who you belong to…” Hannibal demanded between grunts.

“Y-You!” Will gasped.

The next thrust was particularly hard, making them both moan rather loudly. “D-Do that again!” Will said.

Although Will wasn’t supposed to be ordering Hannibal, Hannibal decided to let the offense slide and complied, thrusting hard into Will again and making them both cry out. “And what...is my name...Will?” Hannibal asked between moans and thrusts, much more composed than Will - *although that wasn’t saying much.*

“H-Hannibal! Hannibal Lecter!” Will forced out as Hannibal thrusted deeper once again.

“And who am I?” Hannibal asked, slipping a hand beneath Will’s chin and turning Will’s head to force the boy to look at him as best as he could.

The sight of Will in that moment - eyes half lidded, face flushed, mouth open, sweat glistening on his body and making his hair wet - could only be described with one word.

Extraordinary.

Will’s beauty was truly something this world did not deserve or could comprehend.

If Will had to describe Hannibal in that moment - looming over Will like a

God, the sweat on his skin nearly making him glow, the composure yet pleasure Hannibal's expression contained as well as the sly smirk on his lips - he would probably sum it up with one word.

Divine.

It was as though Will was looking at something from another world - like a God or an entity of higher authority and power than anything on Earth.

"My m-master!" Will yelled, "My God! My sun, my moon, my stars, my sky - my everything! Please, master, p-please-!"

Will cut himself off with another moan which actually worked out well, considering Will wasn't one hundred percent sure what he was going to say to finish that sentence.

What Will did know was that he was filled with so much pleasure and he wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer before he came.

As anticipated, it only took a couple of more thrusts from Hannibal before Will felt himself about to tip over the edge. "M-Master, I'm going to c-cum!" Will exclaimed.

Hannibal moaned lowly - he could feel himself becoming close as well. Leaning forward once again, Hannibal whispered into Will's ear, "Cum for me, Will. Cum for your master."

With a loud scream of Hannibal's name, Will came into his hands. Minutes later, Hannibal came as well, filling Will's ass with his load. Drops of semen escaped from Will's hole, which Hannibal bent down to lick off. Will gasped as he felt Hannibal's tongue on his ass, licking up the drops of semen and cum. Will panted, trying to catch his breath after his orgasm. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's shoulders, kissing Will's cheek. Will snuggled happily into his lover's embrace. Hannibal picked up Will gently, laying his lover onto the bed before climbing in next to Will and pulling his lover close. Will leaned his head on Hannibal's chest and the room fell silent - save for both of their gasps and pants.

Will could hear Hannibal's heart thumping in his chest.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

It was a sound Will could listen to all day.

"I love you."

Those words coming from Will's mouth were a surprise for both of them. Will was yet to say those words to Hannibal - *heck, he hadn't even said it to his supposed wife!*

Will didn't like saying *"I love you"* - of course he had admitted in his thoughts many times that he loved Hannibal but verbalising those words held a sense of commitment.

Will had never liked the idea of commitment - devoting himself entirely to someone else, who could easily just betray and turn on him the first chance he got.

Even when it came to marrying Molly - *she* was the one who proposed. Will was hesitant at the time but he thought perhaps being married would help make him forget Hannibal.

However, now, Will found himself wanting to commit to Hannibal. He was sure Hannibal would never hurt or betray him and Will did indeed love Hannibal with all of his heart.

Hannibal smiled, kissing Will passionately - momentarily catching the empath by surprise, before he eventually kissed back. When they pulled away, Hannibal said, "You don't know how happy I am to hear you say that."

Will smiled lovingly at Hannibal, replying, "And I meant it - I love you, Hannibal."

Hannibal kissed the top of Will's head.

"I love you too, my dearest Will."

Will buried his head further into Hannibal's chest, smiling in content. Will closed his eyes, listening again to the beat of Hannibal's heart as Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and lovingly played with Will's hair. They sat in a comfortable silence for a couple of minutes until Will decided to break it, asking, "Sooo, what should we do now?"

"Whatever you want to do." Hannibal replied, kissing Will's head.

Will shrugged, saying, "Whatever normal couples do after sex - *not*

that we're a normal couple."

Hannibal smirked and said, "Well, after sex couples usually…"

"Pillow talk."

Will blinked in surprise, momentarily wondering whether Hannibal was kidding. However, the serious look on Hannibal's face told Will he was deadly serious.

Will silently wondered what the heck he just got himself into.

Chapter End Notes

What do serial killers talk about when they do pillow-talk?

Welp, we're going to find out next chapter!

Warm

Chapter Summary

Ever just had sex and then try having "pillow talk", then somehow get into a conversation about how your boyfriend became a serial killer whilst telling each other your life stories?

No? Well, that was just what Will was doing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham felt warm.

Perhaps it was due to the body heat from Hannibal pressing up against him and wrapping his arms around Will.

Perhaps the warmth Will felt was due to happiness or pleasure.

Either way, Will Graham felt really warm.

It felt amazing!

“Okay, we can try this pillow talk thing.” Will hesitantly and somewhat nervously said.

This was his first time attempting “pillow talk” - he had never even considered it until Hannibal brought it up.

“What should we talk about?” Hannibal asked.

Will thought for a moment. There was something he had been meaning to ask Hannibal about but he was unsure whether now was the right time - perhaps Hannibal wouldn’t want to talk about it.

Or rather, *her*.

Hannibal noticed Will biting his lip and looking nervous. Immediately, Hannibal knew something was up. “What is it, Will?” Hannibal asked.

“Well, um…” Will nervously stuttered, “I was thinking that I’ve never really talked to you that much about, you know, yourself. Like, I kinda know about your past, mostly from what I’ve heard from Bedelia and Chiyoh but if you don’t mind talking about it, I want to hear about you from you.”

Will looked up at Hannibal’s face to see his reaction. Hannibal’s lips were pressed into a thin line and he wasn’t saying anything. His expression was unreadable. “You don’t have to if you don’t want to-” Will began when Hannibal didn’t say anything for a couple of minutes, however, to Will’s surprise Hannibal cut him off.

“No, I’ll talk about it.” Hannibal said.

Will frowned, worried he may be forcing Hannibal to do something he didn’t want to do. “Are you sure-” Will was once again cut off by Hannibal.

“Of course, only because it is you I will be telling.” Hannibal replied, “Would you like to know about Mischa specifically or about me in general?”

“I wanna know everything.” Will said, “Provided that you’re comfortable with it.”

Hannibal kissed the top of Will’s head and pulled Will a bit closer. Will kissed Hannibal’s chest, leaning his head on Hannibal’s chest. Will waited for Hannibal to begin, not wanting to rush his lover. “Well, let’s start at the beginning, shall we?” Hannibal suggested.

Will nodded. Hannibal paused for a moment before saying, “As you already know, I was born in Lithuania. My father’s name was Count Lecter - *and no, he wasn’t a vampire.”* Hannibal said.

Will giggled at the last part, saying, “But you have to admit, if you were related to vampires, it would make a lot of sense.”

Hannibal smirked at that and said, “That would mean you’ve been bitten by a vampire - multiple times.”

Will shrugged, “It was worth it.”

Hannibal chuckled, kissing Will lovingly. “Anyways, my father was a Lithuanian aristocrat and my mother’s name was Simonetta Sforza-Lecter. Mischa and I were orphaned at a young age. Being the older sibling, I became somewhat of a father-figure to Mischa. After our

parents passed away, she was one of very few people whom I've ever been able to truly love, so much that I denied my early… *desires* …in order to be a good role model to her." Hannibal explained.

"Wait a minute…" Will said with a raised eyebrow, "By *desires* do you mean your homicidal tendencies?"

Hannibal shrugged elegantly, replying, "Like I said, *desires."*

"You've been wanting to kill people since you were a kid?" Will asked.

"It's in my nature." Hannibal replied, "It's in yours too."

Will didn't even bother responding to the second thing Hannibal said.

"So have you ever loved anyone as much as you loved Mischa?" Will asked.

"You, of course." Hannibal replied, smiling softly at Will.

Will blushed at that, asking, "Enough to hold back on your so-called desires for me?"

Hannibal pressed his lips together, hesitating before replying, "Well, with Mischa it obviously didn't last - I could try for you but I am sure I will eventually resume my habits."

Will sighed at that, saying, "I expected as much."

Will then kissed Hannibal's cheek, saying, "Don't worry about that, love. I don't want you to deny your true self - I love you just as you are."

Hannibal looked relieved at that, capturing Will's lips in a quick kiss before continuing, "Mischa was eventually murdered by that man Chiyoh was holding prisoner."

"Are you sure it was that man, though?" Will asked.

"Positive." Hannibal replied.

Although Will wanted more details, after seeing the look in Hannibal's eyes Will decided not to press further. "When I found Mischa's body, I decided to eat her so I could be able to forgive her for making me deny myself." Hannibal said.

“How come you ate her? Couldn’t you forgive her without eating her?” Will asked.

“God punishes us when we sin - if not even God forgives without compensation, why should we?” Hannibal responded.

Will bit his lip, thinking about Hannibal’s words. Hannibal did have a point - *God definitely did not seem as big of a fan of forgiveness as He was made out to be* - however, there still must’ve been something else Hannibal could’ve done. If everyone ate each other whenever someone upset them, the entire human race would’ve died out years ago.

Although, Will supposed not eating Mischa would’ve been to further deny Hannibal’s nature.

Hannibal continued, not bothering to wait for Will to respond, “I was then adopted by my uncle, Robertus, and aunt, Lady Murasaki when I was sixteen. It was whilst living there that I became close with Chiyoh, who became like family to me. One day, we happened to find the man who had killed Mischa. I wanted to kill him, *of course-”*

“Of course.” Will emphasised.

“Of course.” Hannibal repeated, “But Chiyoh managed to convince me to leave his life in her hands. As you know, Chiyoh decided to keep him as a prisoner under Castle Lecter as punishment.”

“Until I came along.” Will added.

“Yes, until you came along.” Hannibal said with a smile, kissing Will’s nose.

Will grinned and giggled - the feeling of Hannibal’s lips on his nose actually feeling quite ticklish. Will was never usually this giddy - *usually, he wasn’t giddy at all.* Maybe it was just because he was with Hannibal, or because hearing about Hannibal’s past made him feel closer to his lover, or simply because he had just had *the best sex of his entire life* but either way, Will Graham was content - *he was happy* - and he didn’t want the moment to ever end. “Not too long after I left the castle, I decided to journey to a certain place. Can you guess where?” Hannibal asked.

The way Hannibal had asked the question made it sound like they were apart of some kids TV show.

Will thought about it for a moment, thinking if Hannibal had ever mentioned a place like that in any of their past conversations.

Then it hit him.

It had to be *that* place.

The place Hannibal had wanted to take Will.

“Florence, right?”

Hannibal looked delighted by Will’s answer and Will realised he must’ve gotten it right. “Right.” Hannibal said with a smile.

Will couldn’t help but smile as well after seeing Hannibal smile.

Hannibal had an adorable smile.

Hannibal continued, “During my time in Florence, I first began my hobby-”

“-of being a serial killer.” Will finished.

“You could say it like that, yes.” Hannibal said.

“That’s the *only* way to say it!” Will exclaimed.

Regardless, Hannibal continued, “The news described the way I crafted my victims as haunting and I was given the name Il Mostro Di Firenze.”

“The Monster of Florence.” Hannibal and Will said in unison.

Will frowned at that. “Is something wrong?” Hannibal asked.

Will shifted around in the bed, suddenly feeling uncomfortably nervous. Will bit his lip nervously as he slowly asked, “How did you feel when they called you that?”

Hannibal could tell by the look in Will’s eyes that the nickname clearly bothered Will. Hannibal smiled, admittedly touched by Will’s concern for him as he kissed Will’s cheek. “I couldn’t care less what close-minded beings like them call me, my dearest. You are the only person whose opinion I care about.” Hannibal said.

“But I’ve called you similar things before.” Will pointed out.

Was it normal to feel guilt for calling a serial killer a monster?

Was Will Graham normal?

The answer to those questions - at least the second one - were pretty obvious.

Hannibal realised that Will felt guilty and kissed Will's lips, saying, "As I've said before, I could never stay mad or upset with you, my darling Will, I forgave you for that ages ago."

"I thought you forgave people by eating them?" Will asked.

"Technically, I have eaten you - just not in the same way." Hannibal replied.

Will was confused.

What did Hannibal mean-

Then realisation hit.

Oh.

Oh.

Hannibal had to hold back laughter as embarrassment spread across Will's now dark red face. Will groaned, saying, "I can't believe you just said that!"

At that, Hannibal had to laugh.

Will rolled his eyes. "Okay, that's it - we're moving on from this conversation. Continue with your story." Will said, leaning his head back onto Hannibal's chest.

"As you wish." Hannibal said, playing with Will's curls once again, "Rinaldo Pazzi suspected me but of course when the police searched my home, no evidence could be found to connect me to the crimes."

"Hmmm…" Will hummed, pretending to be thinking, "Now, where does this sound familiar?"

"It's not my fault if our justice system has holes in it." Hannibal

replied, “They really need to start investigating people’s stomachs for evidence.”

“Might as well look up their asses too.” Will sarcastically said.

“Well, actually that may not be such a bad idea. You would be surprised by what people manage to put up there. You know, I heard about this one women who had a fish up her-” Will had to cut Hannibal off, scrunching his face in disgust.

“Ew!” Will squealed, disgusted, “Nope, we are not talking about this. Don’t you dare finish that sentence.”

Hannibal grinned mischievously.

“-up her-”

“Hannibal, no!”

“-her-”

“Hannibal, I swear to God, don’t you dare!”

Hannibal was silent at that but there was still a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

Maybe he was going to show Will mercy and change the subject?

“-up her genitals.”

Will groaned.

Of course he wouldn’t.

Why would Will ever expect mercy from Hannibal Lecter?

Will felt as though he was going to vomit.

Will rolled over so that his back was towards Hannibal and buried his face into his pillow, groaning. Hannibal laughed and sat up slightly to kiss the back of Will’s bare and naked shoulder.

“You’re the worst.”

Hannibal smiled, kissing the edge of Will’s lip, which was pulled into a small smile.

"I know."

Will rolled back over into Hannibal's arms - *he missed Hannibal's touch and warmth too much to stay away from him for long* - before asking, "So what ended up happening with the III Mostro thing?"

"The convicted another man - something about his character matching their description of III Mostro." Hannibal replied.

"Like what happened with Doctor Chilton and I." Will said, "We both matched your character - especially Chilton."

"Yes, only there's one difference between Doctor Chilton and I." Hannibal said.

"And what's that?" Will asked.

"I am dating an angel and the only thing Doctor Chilton will be dating for a long time is his hospital bed." Hannibal replied with a smirk.

Will couldn't hold back his laughter at that.

Will knew he should feel bad for laughing but he couldn't find the strength to feel guilty about it at all.

That made Will feel even worse.

"That's so mean!" Will said, playfully shoving Hannibal, "Besides, it's not necessarily true - Chilton has gone back to running the mental hospital. He's actually recovered miraculously well, all things considered."

"Ah, that's a shame." Hannibal said, "Well, in that case perhaps he can date one of the people within his asylum - he seemed to enjoy getting cut up by Abel Gideon that one time, after all."

Will laughed so hard at that he actually *snorted.* Will quickly covered his mouth, trying to muffle his laughs in order to not grab the attention of other people in the hotel, although his shoulders were still shaking from laughter. Hannibal grinned as he continued his story, "I soon left Florence and eventually traveled to America after receiving an internship at John's Hopkins medical school. I believe a lot of the reason I got the internship had to do with my drawings."

"You're a good drawer." Will said, "I've seen your sketchbook."

“Then you would’ve seen my drawings of you.” Hannibal said.

“Yeah - the drawings where I look like an angel or something when in real life I could be compared to a blank piece of paper at best.” Will said.

“Don’t say that, my dearest.” Hannibal said, cupping Will’s cheek, “Your beauty radiates stronger than the sun itself.”

Will blushed at that, smiling shyly at Hannibal. Leaning into the hand on his cheek, Will whispered, “Thanks.”

Hannibal kissed Will’s forehead lovingly and for a moment Will swore he heard fireworks. Will buried his face into Hannibal’s neck enjoying the feeling of Hannibal’s arms around him for a moment. Hannibal tilted his head down to smell Will’s scent - besides that horrible aftershave and the smell of sweat was a pleasant smell, *strawberry perhaps.* “Did you put something in your hair?” Hannibal asked.

Will looked up for a moment, confusion on his face until he realised what Hannibal was talking about. “Oh yeah, I had a shower while you were sleeping. The hotel gave us complimentary shampoo and conditioner after you told them about that asshole worker so I thought I should try them. Is it nice?”

Hannibal kissed Will’s hair before saying, “Anything on you is nice.”

Will blushed at that and giggled - *God, he sounded like a twelve year old girl having her first crush.*

“How come you left medicine, by the way?” Will asked.

It was a question Will had wondered for a while and it was also a good excuse to change the subject - *Will feared that if he didn’t change the subject soon, he would melt from all the compliments Hannibal was giving him.*

Hannibal shrugged, saying, “Psychiatry is more interesting - more unpredictable. It also put me in a position of power where I could persuade some of my more susceptible patients into committing murder. Why? Well, I’m sure you already know why.”

“To see what would happen.” Will replied.

Hannibal grinned and Will couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt at that.

They were the same in that aspect - both were curious to see what would happen in different situations, if people were pushed into doing certain things and put into different scenarios.

They were the same in a lot of aspects.

"You know that I have a preference on the type of people I kill, yes?" Hannibal asked.

"You like to kill people who are rude - to you people who are rude are no better than pigs, right?" Will asked.

Once again, Hannibal beamed happily at Will's answer. "You know me so well, my darling." Hannibal said, "Although, I guess that's to be expected. We are very similar, after all and you're the only person I've ever opened up to so much before."

Hannibal continued once again, "And that was how I became known as the Chesapeake Ripper, known for-"

"-for mutilating your victims while they're alive and surgically remove their organs so that you can cook them, preferably when you're hosting a dinner party." Will finished.

Hannibal smiled at that - *although this smile was more malicious than adorable.*

"Correct."

Will wondered if Hannibal would've told Mischa about his so-called hobbies if she were still alive.

Will wondered if Hannibal would ever partake in said hobbies if Mischa was still alive.

If Will had met Hannibal years ago - back when Mischa was still alive - would Hannibal still be the person he is now?

If Hannibal wasn't who he was now, would Will still have connected with him so easily?

Well, at least that question Will definitely knew the answer to.

If fate had been a little different and had them meet before Hannibal had made his first kill - would that have been all it would have taken to save all those lives?

Was all it took to avoid all this merely Hannibal meeting Will earlier?

It was at that moment when Will realised something that had been made evident countless of times:

*Fate was a **dick.***

It was only when Will saw concern appear in Hannibal's expression and Hannibal cupped his cheeks, asking Will what was wrong, that Will realised he was crying. "Will? Will, what's wrong?" Hannibal asked.

Will sniffle, wiping his cold and wet cheeks as he tried to contain his sobs. "D-Do you think…" Will trailed off, trying to carefully chose his words, "Do you think if things were different you would've still become a serial killer?"

Hannibal looked away, biting his lip before slowly saying, "I can't say for sure. However, I do believe that killing is in my nature and no matter how fate went - even if Mischa was still alive - I would still kill."

Hannibal then met Will's teary gaze and Will could tell by the look in Hannibal's eyes that this was hurting Hannibal as much as it was hurting Will.

"If I wasn't a killer, do you think you would've felt differently about me?"

Will found two interpretations of Hannibal's question:

Would you love me more if I wasn't a killer?

Do you only love me because I'm a killer and you're only interested in the thrill and fear of being with a serial killer?

Both interpretations made Will feel as though his heart was bleeding.

"I'm not so much of a masochist that I would date a serial killer simply for the fear factor, Hannibal. I'm not dating you because of your *hobbies* - as you put it earlier - I'm dating you for *you.* I'm in love with your *personality* and *who you really are* - not what you can give me. I wouldn't love you any more or less if you weren't a killer." Will said, snuggling deeper into Hannibal.

"Would you still love me, even if I didn't have my empathy?"

Hannibal's eyes widened at that and his response was immediate, "Of course I would still love you, Will. Your appeal extends far beyond than merely your empathy. You're *considerate* and *compassionate - even to a serial killer such as myself.* You interest me, Will. Even more, you make me *happy.* You are the only person I have managed to *love* as much as I loved Mischa."

"I believe you." Will said, kissing Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal smiled - the happiness he felt was unbelievable, impossible to describe with mere words. Hannibal longed to make it known to Will exactly how he felt about him but was unsure of how to put it into words. Hannibal just hoped his actions conveyed it enough for him. He hoped that Will could feel nothing but love with each gentle stroke of Will's hair, each kiss, each touch of Will's chin.

Everything Hannibal did, he did for Will.

Hannibal knew this and so did Will, who gave his lover another sweet kiss. Hannibal smiled and pressed their foreheads together. As Will looked into Hannibal's eyes, he noticed something.

Were those tears!?

Will smiled at how adorable his lover was, gently caressing Hannibal's cheek with his thumb, drying the few tears that had managed to fall. "I love you." Will whispered, kissing Hannibal's lips again.

Hannibal felt giddy at those words - an emotion usually unfamiliar to him. "I love you too." Hannibal replied, smiling.

The two sat there in a comfortable silence for a couple of moments, just enjoying the company of each other and not having to worry about anything - even if it was just for a moment. Eventually, Hannibal decided to break the silence, "Since I shared mine, would you mind sharing your story with me?"

Will bit his lip, hesitating for a moment. Will wasn't used to talking about himself with others - *opening up to others* - yet this was Hannibal asking and besides, Hannibal did tell Will about his past, the least Will could do would be to talk about his past. "Sure. I don't have a super interesting and dark past though - it's no sob story or anything." Will

said.

“I don’t want to hear a sob story, I want to hear *your* story.” Hannibal replied.

Will took a deep breath, pausing for a moment. “Well, I’ll do like you and start from the very beginning. I grew up in Louisiana. My family were very poor and my mother died when I was little so I don’t really have any memory of her. My dad had to raise me all on his own - which was tough for him, considering he also had to work hard and long hours to get enough money to feed us. A lot of the time, I ended up having to do things myself. I didn’t have any friends, siblings, or pets and since my dad was always working, I spent a lot of time on my own.” Will began.

“Did you mind being on your own?” Hannibal asked.

Will smiled, almost sadly, as he answered, “I’ve never been much of a people person. I eventually got used to being alone. After going to school a couple of times and seeing the way the other kids treated me, I actually began to prefer it.” Will replied.

“Did the other kids not understand your empathy?” Hannibal asked.

“They related it to mental disorders - *I guess they’re not wrong* - but for them, mental disorders equate to insanity. It didn’t matter where I went - I was always treated like I had a disease or I was a psychopath. I hadn’t had much practice, so when I did have to socialize, I was really awkward and quiet and I’ve always had a bit of a dark sense of humor so that probably also contributed to the insults.” Will explained, trying to keep the bitterness from his tone, “High school wasn’t much different - except instead of everyone wanting me dead, they either wanted me dead or wanted to fuck me.”

Hannibal’s gaze hardened at that, his lips forming into a tight, thin line. “What?” Hannibal asked.

Will shrugged nervously, tucking a stray piece of hair behind his ear. “Some people, when I was in high school, thought it would be cool to fuck the resident freak. It doesn’t help that apparently I was attractive when I was that age - I got a lot of people hitting on me, wanting to fuck me. Either because they wanted to look cool by fucking a freak or because they were drunk or high and thought I looked good enough to fuck, for whatever reason.” Will replied, face souring at the memory.

“Did anyone ever…” Hannibal hesitant, unsure if he should finish the

question but at the same time, he needed to know the answer, "...force themselves on you?"

"All the time." Will said, "When I was in grade ten, a group of people - some guys, some girls - decided it would be fun to take turns fucking me. They fucked me in the middle of an alleyway. A police officer happened to come past and stopped them. They got expelled from school."

Hannibal did his best to contain himself - *in his opinion, expulsion was too good for them for hurting **his** Will, they deserved to **die.***

"And the other times?" Hannibal asked.

"The other times the perpetrators got away, at least I assume they did." Will answered, sitting up and staring down at the bed sheets, hugging his shoulders insecurely.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, trying to be gentle and comforting despite the fact that he was seething on the inside. "Why didn't you report it?" Hannibal asked.

Will shook his head, saying, "I didn't want to. It doesn't matter to me. They can do whatever they want to me - *kill me for all I care* - and I wouldn't say a thing. I doubt the police would believe me anyways - why believe a freak like me over someone perfectly sane? I don't care. It doesn't matter."

Hannibal couldn't contain his anger at the last part, grabbing Will's wrists roughly, causing Will to look up at Hannibal in surprise. Will opened his mouth to say something but Hannibal spoke first. "Don't you *dare* say that about yourself - of course it matters! *You* matter, Will! Had I been there, I would have *ripped their genitals* off for even *thinking* they deserved to touch *yours* with *theirs.* Do *not ever* let anyone treat you like that, Will. Not even me. You shouldn't have to be forced to do something you're not comfortable with and you shouldn't let yourself be *raped."* Hannibal ranted, almost like a parent scolding their child.

Will looked down again, mumbling, "Can you let go? You're hurting my wrists-"

"No." Hannibal said, slightly harsher than he had meant to, "Not until you promise to stop letting people hurt you like that. If you can't go to the police, go to me."

“What if I can’t go to you?” Will asked, voice quiet as he stared at the ground.

“I will always be here for you, Will. However, should a situation occur where you cannot get me, either fight them off or get help from someone else. You are smart enough to come up with a way to outsmart anyone stupid enough to touch **my** Will.” Hannibal replied before asking, “Has this happened recently?”

Will bit his lip. “Last month. The guy was drunk. Thought I was hot.” Will briefly said, almost casually.

“Did your wife know?” Hannibal asked.

Will’s eyes widened at that as he said, “Molly? No! She would freak!”

“Will, I want you to promise that you will not let anyone touch you without your consent, understood? Moreover, I want you to tell me if anything like this happens again or if anyone ever makes you feel uncomfortable.” Hannibal said.

When Will didn’t respond for a couple of minutes, Hannibal tightened his grip on Will’s wrists, making Will wince. “Promise?” Hannibal asked.

Will looked at Hannibal with teary eyes, nodding shakily before collapsing into Hannibal’s arms, sobbing against Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal hushed Will, gently rubbing the empath’s back soothingly and muttering words of reassurance.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you ever again, my dearest Will.”

Will nodded against Hannibal’s chest, whispering softly, “I know.”

Eventually, Hannibal managed to get Will to calm down a bit. In an attempt to get Will’s mind off of the unpleasant memories, Hannibal said, “You haven’t finished telling me about yourself.”

Will was silent for a couple of minutes. At first, Hannibal thought Will didn’t want to talk anymore but eventually, Will spoke, “When I was older, I moved to New Orleans - that’s when I became a homicide detective. I lost that job after not being able to use my gun when necessary. Afterwards I left New Orleans to attend graduate school in forensic science at George Washington University. After obtaining my degree, I was given a post as a teacher at the FBI academy. Then Jack wanted me to help him catch you…”

Hannibal smirked as he said, “And then the best time of your life started.”

Will rolled his eyes playfully, saying, “Yeah, the best time of my life was definitely when I got manipulated by my therapist, who also happened to be the serial killer I was after, nearly had my entire mental state destroyed-”

“But also met the love of your life.” Hannibal said, “And for the record, Jack ruined your mental state more than I did.”

Will chuckled, snuggling close to Hannibal and going for yet another kiss.

“And I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Will laid his head on Hannibal’s chest, listening to the other man’s heartbeat. The sound of Hannibal’s heart beating slowly lulled Will into a peaceful sleep - which Hannibal knew was pretty rare for Will. Hannibal smiled as he watched his lover sleep, gently stroking his lover’s hair soothingly.

Later, Hannibal would definitely try to work out the names of the people who attacked Will - at least some of them - and send them a “present” but for now, his attention was focused solely on the angel sleeping in his arms.

Hannibal smiled as he bent down to press a kiss to Will’s temple.

Hannibal wouldn’t have had things happen any other way either.

Chapter End Notes

Most of their backstories are true - the most I added in was the rape thing.

Smile

Chapter Summary

He smiled.

He wasn't sure what he expected when he received the call.

But it wasn't this.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He smiled.

He wasn't sure what he expected when he received the call.

But it wasn't this.

Dr. Frederick Chilton sat in Jack Crawford's office, sitting in front of the man himself with Alana Bloom sitting next to him.

"Surely, you can't be serious?"

Frederick gave them both a look of disbelief, complete with a calculated raise of Frederick's eyebrow, the usual cheer in his voice not nearly as evident as it would normally be. Jack's expression was blank - no grin, not even a smirk or giggle. Alana's was the similar, although slightly more irritable than Jack's. Carefully, Frederick studied both of their faces, looking for any kind of sign that this might all be some sick joke.

He found none.

"Apologies if this is taking awhile for me to process but let me just get this straight. You called me here, *literally days after I come out of hospital and deemed well enough to go back to running my hospital,* to ask for my help in capturing Hannibal Lecter - the man who framed me

for murder, ate my lips and also, may I add, *happens to be a serial killer* - and possibly Will Graham - the man who, along with of course you, Miss Bloom, *made me dragon fodder just to see what would happen.* On top of all this, you don't even know whether or not Will is actually Hannibal's accomplice or if he is Hannibal's captive - *assuming Will is alive at all* - and even though it was because of you that I nearly died - *again* - you for some reason think I'll agree to all this. Is this what you're telling me?" Frederick asked.

"You're the only shot we've got." Alana said.

"This sounds eerily familiar to when you got me to publicly diss the Dragon and we all know how well that *turned* out - *for everyone except for me, that is."* Frederick pointed out before asking, "What is the basis for your theory that Will has joined Hannibal on his killing spree?"

"It's not a theory." Jack said, "At this stage, it's only a possibility. However, considering what both Hannibal and Will are capable of, we have to examine all possible outcomes to ensure we get the upper hand."

Frederick rolled his eyes at that, asking, "Oh please. What kind of fool do you take me for?"

Frederick turned to a smirking Alana, whose mouth was half-open as though she were about to say something. "Don't answer that." Frederick told Alana, whose mouth quickly closed.

Turning back to Jack, Frederick said, "These no reason to believe Will has joined Hannibal other than the article written by Freddie Lounds and the nature of Will and Hannibal's relationship."

"Will also mentioned several times before they both disappeared that part of him does want to run away with Hannibal." Alana pointed out.

"That wouldn't even be enough proof to get you a search warrant - let alone justify placing a target on my back in order to see if they will kill me." Frederick exclaimed.

"Will and Hannibal have both made attempts on your life, assuming Will knew what Francis Dolarhyde would do to you. You're the best target because they probably want to finish the job." Jack said.

Frederick wasn't sure whether he should laugh, cry or scream.

This was ludicrous.

“Will Graham could be dead for all we know.” Frederick said, “We don’t even know if they’re in the country - if I were them, I would flee as far away as possible, isn’t that what he did before?”

“But before Hannibal had Florence as his backup for ages - where would he take Will now?” Alana asked.

Frederick laughed dryly, “Oh, I don’t know. How about Paris or something? They say it’s the city of love, after all.”

Frederick meant it as a joke but Jack looked like he was actually considering it. Frederick knew that if Jack was thinking, whatever he was thinking would not be good for Frederick. Standing up, Frederick said, “I’m terribly sorry to disappoint you, Agent Crawford and Miss Bloom, but I would like nothing more than to distance myself as far away from this ridiculousness as possible.”

“Doctor Chilton, wait!” Jack named after Frederick.

Frederick knew he probably should just keep walking but regardless, he turned around and asked, “What?”

“Please, just consider-”

“I’ve considered it enough - much more than I am comfortable with, to be honest - and I have decided to not do involve myself with this stupidity.” Frederick said, cutting Jack off.

“If you’re worried about hurting your precious appearance - again - you don’t have to worry. We’ll have trackers on you and you’ll have FBI protection at all times. We know how much you value your appearance.” Alana said.

It took everything Frederick had in him to not scream at her when she said that.

“You think this is just about my appearance?” Frederick snapped, “I nearly died because of you! If you’re so smart and fearless, Miss Bloom, why don’t you be the bait!? You did have sex with Hannibal and led Will on, after all.”

The remorse and guilt Frederick was hoping to see on Alana’s face wasn’t there - in fact, her face remained expressionless as she said, “I didn’t lead Will on, he developed feelings for me on his own.”

“Did you know for a while that he had those feelings from you?” Frederick asked, although he didn’t bother waiting for a response, “Did you know you wouldn’t get into a relationship with him due to his instability? Did you tell him of this? No? Then that sounds to me like you led him on.”

Alana frowned at that but Frederick didn’t bother waiting for a response - *not that Alana probably had one.* “I did originally ask Miss Bloom to fill your role - she declined.” Jack told Frederick, ignoring the glare Alana shot him.

The look on Alana’s face meant that Jack probably wasn’t supposed to tell Frederick that - *probably because it made Alana look bad.* Jack merely shrugged, leaning back in his chair, completely unfazed by Alana’s cold gaze as he said, “It’s the truth.”

“And why is that, Miss Bloom? Perhaps because you know that there’s a good chance Hannibal will kill whoever is the bait?” Frederick suggested.

This time, Frederick waited for a response but still received none.

Scoffing, Frederick turned on his heel, saying, “I think we’re done here.”

As soon as he had left the office and Jack and Alana could no longer see him, Frederick broke out into what was perhaps the fastest sprint of his entire life.

*There was no way he was getting involved with this **shit** again.*

When Frederick had received a call at 6:15 in the fucking morning from Jack Crawford telling him to meet him at his office as soon as possible, Frederick didn’t really know what he was expecting.

But it certainly wasn’t this.

The news that Hannibal Lecter had escaped sent the public into a frenzy - *especially* when Freddie Lounds’ article brought up the possibility of Will Graham, *an agent for the FBI,* being his accomplice - so obviously the FBI are desperate to calm the public by finding Hannibal as quickly as possible. Hence why, they are just assuming that Will Graham is probably still alive and probably with Hannibal, despite the only evidence being their obvious feelings for each other

and Freddie's article.

Of course, that wasn't to say Frederick was defending Will Graham or thought that the theory was incorrect - it just needed more evidence.

It was horrifyingly obvious that the FBI were at a loss of what to do - even the plan Jack and Alana had presented Frederick with was absolutely terrible!

They had wanted Frederick to act as a decoy - the thought he might be one of their first targets, *assuming they continue their killing spree* - and the FBI would supposedly protect him and monitor him in case they show up so they can be arrested.

There were so many things wrong with that plan.

First of all, there's the obvious problem concerning the situation of Will Graham. For all the FBI knew, Will could be dead, in captivity, or busy slaughtering people like pigs with Hannibal. Will had more of a reason to go after Frederick than Hannibal - *he did make him dragon fodder, after all* - so if Will wasn't helping Hannibal, Frederick may not even be targeted to begin with.

Second of all, there's the issue that they currently had no clue as to where Hannibal might be. The man wouldn't be stupid enough to stick around nor would he go to Florence - again - but he probably fled to somewhere else, *probably somewhere as far away as possible.*

It would take much more than a couple of FBI officers and a bit of bait to catch Hannibal Lecter, especially for a second time.

Moreover, Frederick theorized it would be nearly impossible to catch Will Graham too.

Of course, Frederick had agreed to give the FBI a description of the package containing strips of someone's flesh - *said someone turning out to be none other than Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier, Hannibal's former psychiatrist* - but Frederick had thought he made it clear that he wanted no further involvement with Hannibal Lecter's case afterwards.

Apparently, he hadn't.

Back in the comfort of his office - whatever little comfort the tiny

room provided, anyways - Frederick replayed Alana Bloom's words back in his head.

"If you're worried about hurting your precious appearance - again - you don't have to worry."

"We know how much you value your appearance."

Frederick couldn't stop himself from scoffing at that.

Although, part of Frederick wondered what crimes had he committed to be perceived so shallow by his own colleague?

Perhaps this was something he should bring up with his own psychiatrist.

Yes, *as reluctant as Frederick was to admit it,* he was seeing a psychiatrist.

Not even the most optimistic person in the world would be able to bounce back from being cut open, having most of their organs removed, being shot in the head and somehow living, getting kidnapped, having your lips burnt off and being set on fire without requiring some psychological assistance.

Although he probably did need the sessions, Frederick didn't like the idea of seeing a psychiatrist. First of all, he was used to being the analyser, not the one being analysed. Second of all, Frederick was not a fan of receiving help from others - especially if it involved having to let someone dissect every little thing about him - *his thoughts, his feelings.*

Everything.

At least his psychiatrist seemed fairly nice. Frederick had only had met her when she had visited him a couple of times in hospital. They did talk about a few things then but their first official session would be this afternoon - at around 6:00pm.

If Frederick was lucky, the psychiatrist would have already have had enough of him, after the few times she visited him, and would release herself as his psychiatrist.

Frederick knew his luck was nowhere near that good.

Luck and fate were never kind to him.

If they even existed, that is.

Later that afternoon, Frederick stepped into his psychiatrist's office, a feeling of nervousness and dread hanging over him. His psychiatrist's purple lipstick stained lips were pulled into a warm smile as she welcomed Frederick into her office, saying, “Hello, Doctor Chilton. Please, come in.”

“Good afternoon, Miss Fate.” Frederick said, admittedly absentmindedly.

And yes, Frederick was painfully aware of how ironic his psychiatrist's last name was.

It was only when Frederick caught the other’s confused glance that he realised his mistake. Embarrassed, Frederick stuttered as he tried to correct himself, “Oh uh, it’s evening isn’t it? Sorry, my mistake, Miss Fate.”

With a graceful smile, the other replied, “That’s quite alright, Doctor Chilton, and just Lana is fine.”

Frederick gave Miss Fa- *correction, Lana* - a small smile as he said, “Then you must call me Frederick.”

Lana looked surprised by that - *perhaps she wasn’t used to calling clients by their first name?*

If Frederick looked closer, he may have noticed the light blush that appeared on her face at his words.

Taking a seat on one of the chairs inside, Frederick instinctively crossed his legs, his eyes never leaving the ebony haired maiden sitting across from him. “So tell me about how you’ve been, Frederick.” Lana said, gesturing to Frederick’s cane, “I see you’re finally out of hospital and you’re walking pretty well without much need for aids - that's good.”

Although he didn't really feel like smiling, seeing Lana happy and smiling brought a small smile to Frederick’s face.

Accidentally meeting ruby red eyes, although for merely a moment, Frederick quickly shifted his gaze to a newspaper on Lana’s desk. Frederick didn't need to read the headline of the newspaper to realise

it was an article on Hannibal Lecter's escape.

Even the most gifted psychiatrists seem to have interest in the case.

Following Frederick's gaze, it didn't take long for Lana to realise what he was looking at. "I've been keeping up with the news. Hannibal Lecter is an interesting case, especially when it comes to the potential involvement of Will Graham."

Potential?

That piqued Frederick's interest.

"You said potential." Frederick pointed out, "You don't think it's definite?"

"Do you?" Lana asked in response.

Deflecting the question back - interesting…

"Perhaps." Frederick replied, "Will Graham was indeed *close* with Hannibal Lecter. Apparently, he did indeed admit he had thoughts of running away with him."

"What stops you from believing it, in that case?" Lana asked.

Frederick clicked his tongue as he stopped to think for a moment.

He had to chose his words carefully.

"A lack of evidence." Frederick finally said, "You?"

"Same reason as you." Lana explained, "It sounds to me that the FBI are grasping at straws. The only real evidence they have are a few things Mr. Graham said before and his relationship with Doctor Lecter."

At least someone was thinking logically.

"Did you ever have the pleasure of meeting Doctor Lecter?" Frederick asked.

"I can't say that I have, unlike you. I wanted to though - I used to

admire him when I was studying." Lana replied.

Why did Frederick feel a weird pang of indescribable feelings at those words?

"Perhaps it's better you didn't. In all honesty, I regret any involvement I had with Hannibal Lecter." Frederick said.

"I suppose all those traumatic incidents would most likely have not happened to you otherwise." Lana conceded.

Ah, yes, those *incidents* Frederick had spent *so much* of his time in hospital explaining to people.

Although no one seemed to listen quite as attentive as Lana.

"Except, of course, when Abel Gideon *so kindly* decided to take out half of my organs." Frederick added, unable to hide a bit of bitterness from his smile.

"Well, one could argue that Hannibal Lecter did indeed encourage you to continue the unorthodox activities you were partaking in, which was why Mr. Gideon felt the need to *operate* on you." Lana said, a playful grin crossing her face as she added, "That's not to say you didn't deserve it."

Frederick couldn't help but smile as well, chuckling briefly as he said, "I suppose you're right."

Once again, the conversation seemed to just end. Frederick had been having this problem ever since he was admitted to hospital - not just with Lana but with everyone. They would start a conversation, Frederick would talk with them for a bit, then suddenly the conversation just *stops.*

It was rather unsettling.

Lana watched her patient attentive, searching for any signs as to what was going on within his head.

It didn't take the obvious nervous jittering for Lana to know Frederick was keeping something from her.

"Are you going to tell me what you've been keeping from me now,

Doctor - *or rather, Frederick?"* Lana asked.

Something was wrong.

Both of them knew this.

Still, Frederick forced a smile.

"I don't have the faintest idea of what you could *possibly* be referring to, Lana." Frederick replied.

Lana raised an eyebrow, saying, "I've noticed that whenever I bring up this incidents of yours, you clutch your thigh, near your - *well, you know."*

A light blush spread across Lana's cheeks, her gaze faltering slightly. Frederick looked down, where his fists were harshly clutching the fine fabric of his pants. Not bothering to meet Lana's gaze, Frederick waved his hand dismissively, saying, "It's a habit."

He didn't let go.

He kept smiling.

"Right…" Lana muttered, recollecting herself as she did her best to will the blush off her face, "Anyways, I would like to hear more about your encounter with Francis Dolarhyde, if you don't mind talking about it."

Frederick couldn't help but cringe at the mention of his deceased attacker.

He knew this would be brought up sooner or later.

He had merely hoped it would be later.

Still though, his smile didn't falter.

"Not much to say really. The FBI wanted me to humiliate the Tooth Fairy to draw him out - *it worked.* He kidnapped me, glued me to a wheelchair, showed me some horrid pictures he called art, made me send a video to the FBI, *bit my lips off* then sent me on my way in a *literal* blaze of glory." Frederick responded, the memory leaving the familiar taste of charcoal in his mouth.

“You must be relieved that he’s not alive anymore.” Lana said, “Although, the trauma from the incident will most likely stay with you for the rest of your life. Does that worry you?”

“The optimist in me believes that what I will forever be plagued with now is merely a memory of the Tooth Fairy.” Frederick said, his expression suddenly turning sour.

“The pessimist fears this is true.”

Although she was listening, Lana’s gaze wasn’t on Frederick’s face - *it was further down.*

“You’re clutching your thigh still.” Lana noted, “One could even say your grip is tighter than before.”

Finally meeting Frederick’s gaze, Lana asked, “Are you sure nothing else happened between you and Francis Dolarhyde that you’re not telling me?”

Frederick fell silent at those words.

His smile faltered.

Chapter End Notes

What? What did you think this is, the Hannigram show? I mean, well it is but there's gonna be some other people in this, of course.

Gotta let Hannibal and Will get a few more fucks in before the next chapter.

Things may not make too much sense right now but basically this is what's going on:

1) As mentioned in one of the previous chapters, the people that received "gifts" (which were parts of Bedelia's body) were called in a couple of days ago to give statements and identify who the parts belonged to. From here, Frederick made it clear that he wanted no more involvement.

2) Also, the public and media have gone crazy after the possibility of Will Graham being Hannibal's accomplice was brought up by Freddie Lounds. Especially because Will was meant to be an FBI agent.

3) However, in this chapter Frederick has received a call from Jack early in the morning, asking for him to come to his office.

4) Jack and Alana want to basically do with Hannibal what they did with Francis - use Frederick as bait to draw him out.

5) While it is not definite that Will is helping Hannibal - really the status of Will is unknown as far as the FBI are concerned - they are definitely considering the possibility.

6) Frederick has only just gotten out of hospital. He refuses to involve himself with anything else Jack, Alana and Will propose to him after what happened with Francis.

7) Frederick has started to see a psychiatrist - my oc, Lana.

8) Lana believes Frederick is hiding something related to his encounter with the Tooth Fairy.

Frederick deserves happiness but unfortunately, fate never seems to go his way. Even Brian Fuller himself stated that if Hannibal were to get a fourth season, Frederick would continue to survive horrific incidents. The poor man can't catch a break.

Elated

Chapter Summary

Hannibal surprises Will on his birthday.

Will then comforts Hannibal and they talk about Hannibal's family.

Then a certain psychiatrist comes in as a surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham was elated.

It had been just over a month since they began their new lives in Paris. Naturally, the FBI still hadn't located them and the public was getting more and more outraged. While the police were getting more and more desperate - *all of them were tripping over themselves, even disproving their own theories* - Will and Hannibal were having the time of their life. Every couple of days, Hannibal would host a big dinner party and while Will wasn't much of a part person, he enjoyed catching and killing the *meat* they would serve.

Although Hannibal was slightly disappointed at first when he realised that in order to better their disguises, he would have to pretend to be an artist, rather than something in the field of medicine, he seemed to be enjoying his new career choice. Hannibal would spend time while at work sketching drawings of Will and give them to him after he got home. They also met the owner of the local art gallery - *an arrogant and rude man.* After the man had an *accident* a couple of days ago, Hannibal had managed to assume ownership of the gallery in an amusing twist of fate.

As far as partaking in their mutual hobbies went, Hannibal and Will hadn't managed to make too many kills since they had arrived - a lot of time was spent trying to settle into their new lives. However, there were a couple of murders here and there. One was a wretched women who was punishing her foster son by spraying him with pepper spray. Another was a cruel old man who had tried to hit on a little boy - *Will* had actually requested that they kill that man.

Despite this, they still had not killed nearly as many people as both of them would've liked.

Perhaps that would change tonight though.

Tonight was a special night.
It was Will's birthday.

Hannibal had told Will he had a surprise for him planned once he came home from work.

Will had a feeling Hannibal had been planning something for the past couple of weeks.

Will didn't know for sure what his surprise was but he couldn't help but try to come up with possibile ideas in his head.

Perhaps Hannibal would take Will out on a killing spree date?

Perhaps Hannibal would throw a dinner party for Will's birthday and the two would be able to dance together?

Will's favorite part of those dinner parties was definitely dancing with Hannibal - when they would dance together, all eyes were on them as though they were royalty dancing together or the world's most wonderful couple.

It was magic.

It was one of the rare moments where, even just for a moment, nothing else would exist except for the two of them and they would be able to just enjoy each other's company.

As they danced together, Will always loved looking into Hannibal's beautiful eyes and just losing himself in them.

As Will was in his and Hannibal's room, musing over his surprise, the sound of the door opening alerted Will to the fact that Hannibal was home. It took Hannibal mere seconds to figure out where Will was, smirking as he walked into their bedroom to find Will flopped down on top. "I see you're using your birthday productively." Hannibal teased as he walked over to the side of the bed to bend down and kiss Will's lips.

Will smirked and grabbed Hannibal's tie, pulling the other down onto the bed with him, making sure to not break the kiss as he did so.

Hannibal's tongue made it's way into Will's mouth, their tongues moving rhythmically together, filling the room with slurping and sucking noises. Will allowed his eyes to flutter closed, enjoying the moment.

He hadn't even received his surprise present yet and this was already the best birthday Will ever had.

Pulling away only when breathing became hard, Will smiled as he looked up at his lover, his eyes trailing down before suddenly noticing a thin but long, black cloth in Hannibal's hand.

Was that a blindfold?

Will smirked, staring up playfully at the other as he said, "Kinky."

Hannibal smirked, realising what Will was looking at. "It's made of silk - it should be rather soft to have on your face, I would think." Hannibal said, leaning down to kiss Will's neck.

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders. "Is this my birthday present?" Will asked, "The kinkiest sex session ever?"

Will moaned as Hannibal bit down on his neck - not hard enough to draw blood but hard enough for it to hurt.

Will loved the pain.

"Would you protest if it was?" Hannibal asked.

Will quickly shook his head in response, shivering at the feeling of Hannibal's warm breath brushing against his skin. "No, not at all." Will whispered, his voice almost breathless.

Hannibal's hand slowly rubbed up and down Will's chest, brushing over Will's clothed nipples teasingly. Will gasped softly, muttering under his breath, "It's a good thing I was in the bedroom when you came."

Suddenly, Hannibal pulled away, earning a disappointed groan from Will. "Although the idea of making love to you until you can't walk for your birthday sounds divine, I still have other surprises to give you now."

Will pouted slightly, asking, “Can’t we just fuck first then do presents later?”

Hannibal chuckled at how needy Will was. Beginning to effortlessly maneuver his way off Will and back off the bed, Hannibal said, “I don’t think *it* can wait.”

Will tilted his head in confusion at that, asking, *“It?”*

Hannibal didn’t respond, walking out of the room with a grin on his face. Will considered for a moment whether or not he should follow, however, curiosity eventually got the better of him and Will followed Hannibal out of their bedroom.

Will found Hannibal in the living room with something behind him, which Will couldn’t make out but from what Will could see, it was rather big. “Is that the surprise?” Will asked, trying to get a better look, “What is it? It looks like it’s something big - you didn’t have to get me something so big, it was probably expensive.”

Hannibal smiled, walking over to Will and handing him the blindfold, saying, “Nothing is too expensive for my precious mongoose. Now, put on this blindfold and hold out your arms.”

Will raised an eyebrow at that, asking, “Why do I need a blindfold and to hold out my arms?”

“For the surprise, of course.” Hannibal replied.

Will looked at him skeptically, asking, “You’re not going to put a snake or something into my hands?”

“Will, have I ever given you a reason to not trust me?” Hannibal asked.

Will didn’t say anything to that.

He didn’t need to say anything.

He only needed to give Hannibal ***that*** *look.*

That was enough of a response.

Although Will was curious - *and admittedly a bit skeptical* - he eventually gave in and tied the blindfold around his head before holding out his arms. “Can you see?” Hannibal asked.

“Nope.” Will replied.

“Good.” Hannibal said.

Will heard the sound of Hannibal’s footsteps getting closer but there was also another sound - *it kind of sounded like panting.* Will wondered what could be causing the sound but before he could draw up any conclusions, something soft and furry was placed into Will’s arms. “What the-!? What is this?” Will asked, the panting sound now extremely close to him.

“Take a guess.” Hannibal replied, amusement in his tone.

Will ran his hands up the thing in his arms - *it was soft, incredibly soft.* Reaching upwards, Will felt ears - *wait, ears?*

So it must be something living…

Will felt something brush against his arm - *was that a tail!?*

Will’s heart began to pound with excitement as he realised what he was holding.

“Is this-”

Before Will could finish his response, something wet and slobbery licked his neck, just below Will’s chin - it was a tongue!

It confirmed Will’s guess even more.

Will tore off his blindfold - he didn’t care if it ruined the surprise, he needed to know what it was!

In his arms was a familiar brown, furry and incredibly cute dog.

“Winston!” Will exclaimed happily, hugging his pet and companion.

Hannibal smiled at the excitement and happiness on Will’s face. He knew Will had been missing his dogs so Hannibal was more than happy to go to great lengths to please his beautiful Will. Winston barked happily, pleased to be reunited with his owner and licked Will’s face happily, his tail wagging in excitement. Tears of happiness began to roll down Will’s cheeks - *he had missed his dogs so much!*

If only the other dogs were here too…

Bark!

Wait a second…

That sounded like a dog barking…

Will looked down at Winston, who was staring up at him with wide eyes, wagging his tail and his tongue hanging out.

It definitely wasn't Winston…

Then-

Hannibal beckoned Will over with a wave of his hand. As Will came closer, he realized what it was that he saw Hannibal hiding. Behind the couch, next to where Hannibal was standing, were several pet carries.

Will instantly recognised the dogs inside.

His dogs - they were all there!

Zoe, Ellie, Harley, Jack, Max, Buster and of course Winston!

A sob escaped Will.

The next thing he knew, Will was sobbing uncontrollably, his dogs all cuddling up to him comfortingly. Hannibal smiled and hugged Will from behind.

Although Hannibal himself wasn't much of a dog fan, when it came to comforting Will he worked pretty well with them.

Will sobbed, crying into Hannibal's chest and finding comfort in the warmth of Hannibal's body as well as the pets too.

This was definitely the happiest Will had been in his entire life.

While Will definitely was over the moon to be reunited with his beloved pets, part of the happiness Will felt was because of *Hannibal.* Hannibal wasn't really very interested in dogs or pets but he had gone through extreme lengths just to get dogs for Will and not just any dogs - they were *definitely* Will's dogs.

Will wondered how long Hannibal had been preparing this surprise and how much effort went into this.

Will was touched by Hannibal's gesture.

It was things like these that reminded Will why he loved Hannibal so much.

Despite it all, Hannibal is the only person that understood Will.

More than that, he was the only person who tried to understand Will.

Everyone else just looked at Will like he was some kind of diseased animal or some alien from outer space or something.

Hannibal was different.

Hannibal knew exactly what Will liked.

What Will hated.

What Will wanted.

What Will needed.

What Will was thinking.

What Will wanted to say before he even said it.

How Will was feeling.

When Will had eventually calmed down enough to form a coherent sentence, he pressed his lips against Hannibal's - the force and unexpectancy of the kiss surprising Hannibal, whose eyes widened with surprise. Allowing his lips to linger above Hannibal's for a few moments, Will eventually pulled away. "Thank you for doing this for me." Will said, throwing his arms around Hannibal.

Hannibal smiled, the affection very much welcomed although very unexpected. Will wasn't the most affectionate person - *Hannibal initiated a lot of their contact.* To see Will so happy made Hannibal happy too. It certainly made all the trouble Hannibal went to worth it. Will blushed, smiling at Hannibal as he said, "You didn't need to go through so much trouble just for me."

"Nothing is too much trouble for you, my most precious and dearest Will." Hannibal replied, cupping Will's cheek tenderly, "I love you."

“I love you too.” Will said, the words now coming to him naturally.

The dogs barked, obviously craving Will’s attention almost as much as Hannibal did.

Almost.

Will smiled, stroking Zoe’s fur while Buster licked his hand. Winston was perched happily in Will’s arms and on his lap sat Jack. Harley was curled up asleep by Will’s side and Max and Ellie were biting Will’s shoes happily.

Suddenly, Will noticed something.

A small, white maltese was staring up at Will, it’s blue eyes huge and shining. The maltese was young - probably a baby - but Will had never seen it before in his life. “Who’s this?” Will asked.

“A stray - I found the poor thing abandoned while on my way home from work. I know how much you like dogs so I took it to the vet. The dog was very sick - nearly didn’t make it - but in the past few days it somehow pulled through and made a full recovery. Since it was a stray the vet allowed me to take it home.” Hannibal explained, “I thought you would like to keep him.”

Will stroked the small white dog, muttering almost absentmindedly, “His fur is so soft…”

Hannibal observed Will, especially his behaviour when it came to the dogs - *how happy he was with the dogs, how much he cared for them.*

It was interesting to observe.

“What will you name it?” Hannibal asked.

Will pressed his lips together, thinking for a moment before answering, “Heidee.”

“Heidee?” Hannibal asked, tilted his head, “How come you chose that name?”

Will shrugged, saying, “It just feels right.”

“By the way, how did you even organise all of this? Clearly, you didn’t go get my dogs for me.” Will said.

“An acquaintance of mine from work was going to the area for business purposes. The lady is a former artist, an extremely famous one at that - during her time she was a celebrity in the industry - and she happened to owe me a favour. Both of us used our connections to ensure the dogs were brought without any hassle and more importantly, without you noticing.” Hannibal explained.

Will smiled, saying, “You didn’t have to go through so much trouble for me. Thank you!”

The newly named Heidee made it’s way over to Hannibal, nuzzling it’s nose against Hannibal’s leg. Bending down, Hannibal gently patted Heidee - a soft smile gracing his face. The smile didn’t go unnoticed by Will, who raised an eyebrow and asked, “I thought you don’t like dogs?”

“I don’t mind them but I don’t particularly care for them.” Hannibal replied, retracting his hand from Heidee’s fur and dropping his smile.

“Which is why you were smiling?” Will asked.

“I was smiling simply because I like seeing you happy - merely that. Nothing else.” Hannibal insisted.

Despite his words, no matter what Hannibal did he couldn’t hide the light blush on his face.

Will bursted into laughter, saying, “If only all serial killers were secretly soft like you - my job would be so much easier.”

“Your *former* job, you mean.” Hannibal corrected.

Will stopped laughing at that, although he still smiled it was more of a sad and forced smile. “Yeah, my *former* job…” Will mumbled sadly, gazing down.

As much as he loved living with Hannibal - being his “murder boyfriend” as Hannibal kept jokingly saying - Will would be lying if he said he didn’t miss his old life. Of course, all the trauma and stress wasn’t missed but Will missed teaching at the academy as well as talking with Jack and Alana. As much as Will missed his friends, it was either them or Hannibal and Will knew he couldn’t live without Hannibal and he couldn’t have both - *no matter how much he wanted to.*

Somethings cannot be replaced no matter how much one tries.

Sensing his lover's sadness, Hannibal gently cupped Will's chin and said, "There's no use dwelling on the past, my lovely."

"I know…" Will said, flashing another forced smile - and not a very good one at that.

"Are you thinking of Jack and Alana again?" Hannibal asked.

Will looked down and nodded slowly.

He should've known Hannibal would easily figure it out.

Hannibal sighed, walking around slowly to Will's back. Will felt Hannibal's hands on his shoulders, gripping him tightly. Hannibal's lips were inches away from Will's ear as he whispered, "I honestly don't know why you still care for them, Will. As soon as we escaped both of them immediately convinced themselves that you were working with me and now they're trying to convince the public of that too with whatever flimsy evidence they have. Can you really sit there and call them your friends when they had so little faith in you that they would automatically assume the worst of you despite not having any substantial evidence?"

Will bit his lip, considering Hannibal's words.

Hannibal most certainly had a point but in saying that, Jack and Alana were his friends! The allegations could be just coming from Freddie Lounds or the FBI, not necessarily Jack and Alana-

"If you stuck with them, I have no doubt in my mind that they would've thrown you under the bus, sooner rather than later. Think about it, my dear Will. Jack used your brain - he tore it down - and for what? Just to achieve his own agenda and desires." Hannibal pointed out.

Will grit his teeth, his fists clenching slight as he mumbled, "So did you."

"I admit I may have manipulated you at times but everything I did, I did because I knew it was in your best interest. In the short time we've been living here together, I've seen you smile much more in than the entire time we've spent together leading up to our escape. Tell me, what good did sending you out multiple times a day to look at corpses, mutilations and horrific scenes beyond imagination?"

Hannibal asked.

Will flinched, unable to formulate a response to that. Will's eyes widened and he began to feel sick.

Oh God - he's right!

His voice quieter and weaker than before, Will finally forced out the words, "A-Alana, didn't-"

"-didn't what, Will? Didn't betray you? She used you just as much as Jack and I did - if not more! She led you on - she knew you had feelings for her from the start and she also knew she wouldn't get into a relationship with you because of your mental state. Then she proceeds to kiss you before telling you that she cannot be with you. On top of all this, she lied about the reason and despite refusing to date you she's happy to jump into bed with me. Do you really think Alana Bloom cares even slightly for you if she's fine with doing this to you?" Hannibal asked.

That finally broke Will.

Tears ran down Will's cheeks and his legs felt as though they were jelly. Will collapsed, landing safely in Hannibal's arms and practically melting into the other's embrace. Hannibal gently stroked Will's head, hushing his lover and comforting Will lovingly. Around them, the dogs crowded - each sensing Will's distress. "There, there, my dearest. Don't waste your tears on them. You don't need them - the only person you need is me. From the start, I was the only person you could trust, depend on and open up to - that fact has never changed and still applies now. Jack and Alana don't care for you - you cannot trust them. The only person you can trust is me." Hannibal said.

Will didn't respond, merely sobbed into Hannibal's chest. "Do you understand, Will?" Hannibal asked, this time recieving a small nod in response.

As Will continued to sob in Hannibal's arms, he did not notice the small smirk that made it's way onto Hannibal's face. Hannibal knew that he had ensnared Will - pulled him deeper into Hannibal's carefully spun web and thus, deeper under Hannibal's hold.

As much as Hannibal hated having to break and hurt Will, some things needed to be done for the greater good.

When Will seemed to finally calm down, Hannibal cupped Will's face, looking deep into Will's eyes which shone with a need for Hannibal. Hannibal smiled, gently tracing Will's jaw with his thumb before saying, "Now come, I still have more surprises for your birthday."

Will tilted his head in both surprise and confusion as he asked, "There's more?"

"Of course! We're going to slaughter some pigs and after that we can have dinner before retiring to the bedroom for dessert." Hannibal replied with a teasing smirk.

Wait…

Why would they go to the bedroom to eat dessert-

Insert realisation here.

Oh.

Oh.

Will blushed, his entire face becoming dark red. A small grin on his face, Will said, "Yeah, that sounds like a plan."

Hannibal took Will's hands and his and the two left to partake in their activities, a train of dogs following closely behind them, each barking and wagging it's tail happily. As they walked, only one thought came to Will.

Best. Birthday. Ever!

Knowing how much trouble Hannibal had went to in order to make Will's birthday special, Will felt as though he needed to do something in order to thank Hannibal - *although Hannibal insisted no thanks was necessary* - but Will couldn't find the right opportunity to do so.

Until one night during one of their dinner parties.

Hannibal and Will were conversing with a famous artist and his wife. The couple had two children, although they told Hannibal and Will that their kids were kidnapped mere days ago and their daughter was killed and cannibalised. Their son luckily managed to escape, however, he was traumatised from the ordeal. They even showed

them a picture of their daughter. She was quite cute - very young, probably about 8 years old. Her cheeks were puffy, making her look rather cute and her medium-length blonde hair making her look rather innocent. Will was about to ask what the couple what the Hell they were doing at a dinner party when their daughter just died and why they weren't with their traumatised son or arranging their daughter's funeral or something, when suddenly the wine glass Hannibal was holding fell to the floor - smashing into multiple, tiny fragments on the ground, the contents spilling onto their shoes.

Worried, Will quickly turned his attention to Hannibal and to his surprise, Hannibal was actually shaking. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal supportively and asked, "Are you alright?"

"Oh dear, I hope our story hasn't upset you, Mr. Envie." the wife said, lifting up her dress to avoid the spilt wine on the floor.

"Our apologies if it has." Mr. Envie added, cleaning up some wine that had spilled onto his pants.

"N-No, I'm fine. Your story wasn't upsetting in the slightest I just…" Hannibal paused for a moment, his voice breaking.

Will observed his lover, both curious and concerned. Will knew instantly that Hannibal was lying - something was *definitely* troubling him.

Shaking, stuttering and voice breaking…

Yeah, something was definitely wrong.

Clearing his throat, Hannibal said, "My apologies, please excuse me."

In a flash, Hannibal was out the door before Will or their guests could stop him. In that moment, Will complete forgot that they had guests with them and dashed off after Hannibal, finding Hannibal outside with minimal trouble. Hannibal's back was turned to Will and although Will couldn't hear any sobs, the trembling of Hannibal's shoulders told Will that the other was crying. Will gently placed a hand on Hannibal's shoulder, his tone gentle as he asked, "Are you okay?"

Hannibal nodded slightly, although Will could hear muffled whimpering. "Do you want to talk about it?" Will asked, rubbing Hannibal's back comfortingly, "It might make you feel better."

Will never thought he would see the day where Hannibal fucking Lecter cried.

The sight was both extraordinary and heartbreaking.

Will wondered how many other people have seen Hannibal this vulnerable.

Hesitating for a moment, Hannibal eventually responded, muttering quietly under his breath so that only he and Will could hear, "Mischa."

That one word was all Will needed to realise what was wrong.

Oh!

"Their story reminded you of Mischa, didn't it?" Will asked.

Again, Hannibal nodded softly. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal, saying, "If the conversation was making you uncomfortable, you should've just told me - I would've changed the subject or something. You shouldn't feel embarrassed about being vulnerable in front of me - *we're supposed to be married for God's sake!* I would never judge you or look down on you for crying. I would never do that to you - I love you too much to even think about doing that to you. We're in this together aren't we? You should be able to come talk to me about this kind of stuff."

"Will, please, you're making a scene. Really, it's nothing…" Hannibal whispered, leaning into Will's embrace despite his words.

"It's not nothing! If it's upsetting you this much, it's clearly a very big something!" Will exclaimed, slightly irritated by Hannibal's refusal to confine in him.

"We should really get back to the party." Hannibal said.

"Fuck the party - not until you're feeling better." Will stubbornly responded.

Hannibal pressed his lips together but didn't say anything. "You remember what happened to Mischa, do you not?" Hannibal asked.

"Yeah, she was murdered and you ate her corpse, right?" Will asked.

Hannibal took a deep breath, pausing for a moment before saying,

“Mischa and I were kidnapped when it happened. Our kidnappers were a group led by Vladis Grutas. After several months of starvation, Mischa was killed and her remains were fed to me.”

Hearing this, Will was shocked. He had known Mischa’s death was traumatic but this new information made the experience sound even more appealing. “I thought Chiyoh’s prisoner killed Mischa?” Will asked.

“He did - he was a member of their group.” Hannibal said, “In fact, *he* was Vladis Grutas.”

Will’s eyes widened in surprise as he asked, “Him? That’s the guy Chiyoh kept beneath Caste Lecter?”

Hannibal nodded, saying, “Like Chiyoh no doubt told you, I wanted to kill him originally however she convinced me that keeping him imprisoned for the rest of his life like he did to Mischa and I was more of a deserving punishment. While all of the members in the group ate Mischa and were responsible for our capture in the first place, Vladis Grutas was the one who killed Mischa - he struck her with an axe.”

Will rubbed Hannibal’s shoulders, listening attentively to his story - each word making Will’s heart break along with Hannibal’s. Hannibal continued, leaning on Will’s chest as he spoke, “I remember the day they captured us well - they killed all the adults and Mischa and I were the only ones left. I had tried to fight them off of course but I couldn’t protect Mischa and Vladis mocked me for it. They tied us up but kept us alive - they wanted to use us as a cover so they could act as heroes to further their own personal gain. Days passed and there was a lack of food so Vladis decided that they should eat Mischa in order to survive. One of the members of Vladis’ gang sang an old Lithuanian lullaby to help Mischa stay calm as they walked her outside. I remember seeing Grutas carrying the axe. They murdered Mischa and boiled in a pot, where they consumed her to survive the winter. Of course, they had to keep me alive so they fed me Mischa’s remains.”

Tears ran down Hannibal’s cheeks, although his body had stopped shaking and his face was beginning to regain it’s colour. “What happened to the rest of the gang members?” Will asked, admittedly hoping for a specific answer.

“I killed them, naturally.”

“Good.”

Those words escaped Will before he could even realise it. It didn't bother him though that he said that - Will *definitely* meant it.

People that horrid didn't deserve to live.

Tears rolled down Will's cheek - he felt for Hannibal and Mischa, despite having never met Mischa in his entire life.

Will emphasised with them.

"Have I ever told you about my parents, Will?" Hannibal asked, momentarily meeting Will's gaze.

"You told me a bit about them. Not a lot, though." Will said.

Will couldn't help but wonder what Hannibal's parents must've been like.

Gazing back at the ground, Hannibal said, "They were wonderful parents - dare I say the best, although I suppose most children would say that about their parents. My mother was caring and compassionate. She loved Mischa and I with all her heart. My father was a proud man. He was strict yet fair and compassionate at the same time, being respectful to even the servants who worked for us. I remember when my father died, he looked at me. I remember screaming for him at the top of my lungs and my father reached his hand out to me before dying."

Will swallowed, feeling as though there was a huge lump in his throat as he said, "I'm sorry…"

Hannibal shrugged half-heartedly and was quiet for a moment. Both Hannibal and Will had so many thoughts that both were struggling to gather. Eventually, Will broke the silence, "Hannibal?"

Hannibal looked over at Will, no longer crying but still looking rather disheveled - a word Will would normally never dare use to describe Hannibal.

"Did you like being a psychiatrist?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. Hannibal obviously hadn't expected the question and to be honest, Will didn't blame him - he was fully aware it was a rather random question. Being perfectly honest, Will had no

idea why he decided to ask that question - perhaps it was some attempt at changing the subject to get Hannibal's mind off of Mischa? Not even Will could really say for sure. Hannibal considered the question for a moment before replying, "I suppose it had it's advantages. For one, I could influence some of my more susceptible patients into bequeathing me large sums of money in their wills. So yes, being a psychiatrist does has it's perks. Truthfully, however, I have nothing but disdain for psychology. I never have nor will I ever consider it a science - it's puerile. I believe I've said this a few times before but most psychology departments are filled with ham radio enthusiasts and other personality-deficient buffs. Even more is how effortlessly serial killers are categorised into organised and disorganized based on little evidence."

Will thought about Hannibal's response for a moment, not saying anything. After a couple of more minutes, Hannibal said, "Well, we should start heading back. After all, I feel a bit ridiculous standing out here in the middle of the cold crying and talking about my past."

"If you don't want to-" Will began but Hannibal cut him off.

"I'm fine, my dearest Will. Thanks to you, of course." Hannibal said, flashing Will a genuine smile this time.

Smiling, Will entwined their hands and said, "Okay, but if you get upset again, just let me know."

A blush spread across Hannibal's cheeks - an admittedly adorable sight. "Thank you." Hannibal muttered quietly.

"Anything for you." Will said, kissing Hannibal gently.

With a smile, the two proceeded to rejoin the party. On their way inside, Will heard Hannibal softly say, "It's a shame my parents and Mischa never got to meet you, Will. I'm sure they would adore you just as much as I do."

Will gently squeezed Hannibal's hand, about to respond when a voice interrupted him suddenly.

"Mr. Envie, my apologies for being late." a voice said.

Will glanced over at a young woman he had not previously seen before. "Who's this?" Will asked Hannibal.

"Remember that friend who I told you was able to get your dogs for

you while she was on business?" Hannibal asked.

Will nodded in response. "This is her." Hannibal said, gesturing towards the girl who extended her hand, a pleasant smile on her face.

"Allow me to introduce myself." the woman said with a polite smile.

"I'm Lana Faith."

Chapter End Notes

I combined some of Hannibal's backstory in the show with his story in Hannibal Rising. Obviously because of different time periods and the conflict ages and such, the whole ordeal with Mischa has been slightly edited from it's Hannibal Rising portrayal to fit in the timeline of the show.

EDIT: Okay, I know it's been a couple of days since my last update. I am sorry. I am currently in hospital. I cannot walk at all or move my legs. They are trying to get me transfered but there's been many complications. I've been extremely stressed and I am in unbearable amounts of pain. I also need to catch up on heaps of school work so please bare with me. I am indeed working on the next chapter but it is going to be very, very long. Therefore, it will take me much longer to write than the otber cbapters. So please bare with me. Furthermore, it's only been a few days since the last update so please be patient. Please do not rush me or send me messages asking about the next chapter. From here on out, if I get messages complaining about my update speed, I will not reply.

Odd

Chapter Summary

Dr. Frederick Chilton sat bored in his office. Usually, he would be having an appointment with Lana, his psychiatrist at this time. However, Lana was over in Paris on business for two weeks.

Although he missed his sessions with Lana, Frederick would survive until she got back - it wasn't the end of the world.

Or so he thought.

Frederick looked down and was filled with horror as he saw the dark red stain seeping through the material of his pants.

Oh fuck!

Frederick did the only thing he could think to do.

He called Lana.

"Take off your pants."

Frederick was shocked at the request - for a moment, he wasn't sure if he had heard correctly. "W-What?" Frederick asked.

"Take off your pants so you can examine your wound and see if it's still bleeding." Lana said.

Oh.

A smirk pulled at the edges of her purple lips.

Well, this made for an interesting opportunity.

Chapter Notes

EDIT: I forgot to mention, this chapter contains graphic descriptions of multiple corpses and mentions racism and

children being abused. If any of these things trigger you, please read with caution. Obviously, the things in this book and the things the characters don't necessarily reflect my views.

Sorry for the long wait - as I mentioned before, I've been in hospital and unable to walk. On top of that, this is an extremely long chapter - over 6,000 words. It's about 2-3 times longer than the other chapters as a lot of character development and plot is progressed.

Before we begin, I would just like to clarify the timeline of his book as the events written are in chronological order, however, they do not all follow immediately from each other.

Chapter One - Monster: takes place when Will pushes himself and Hannibal off the cliff at the end of season 3 of the show.
Chapter Two - Awake: takes place as soon as Will wakes up after they survive the fall.
Chapter Three - Happy: takes place a couple of days after chapter two.
Chapter Four - Exhausted: takes place on the same day as chapter three, just later in the evening.
Chapter Five - Pissed: takes place a couple of weeks after chapter four.
Chapter Six - Alive: takes place a couple of days after chapter five.
Chapter Seven - Sleepy: takes place a couple of hours after chapter.
Chapter Eight - Horny (A.K.A the smut-fest chapter): takes place right after chapter seven.
Chapter Nine - Warm: takes place right after chapter eight.
Chapter Ten - Smile: takes place probably a couple of months after chapters 6-9. At this point, Hannibal and Will have been on the run for months now.
Chapter Eleven - Elated: First half takes place a month after chapter ten - second half takes place a couple of more weeks later.
Chapter Twelve - Odd: takes place right chapter eleven.

Therefore, Hannibal and Will have been on the run for about a year now and the FBI still aren't even close to catching them. Hence why the public is so furious because they have been letting these two psychos run about for a year and haven't caught them. This is timeline is also to clarify how Lana and Frederick's relationship has developed so quickly despite them only being

introduced in chapter ten as well as showing how Hannibal and Will's relationship has been growing for so long now.

Without further ado, onto the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was odd not having anything to do.

It was a Friday evening and Dr. Frederick Chilton sat bored in his office. Usually, he would be having an appointment with Lana, his psychiatrist at this time. However, Lana was over in Paris on business for two weeks - although she frequently called to check up on Frederick.

Yes, they had exchanged numbers - Lana had requested they do so during one of their sessions.

Although he was at first reluctant to see a psychiatrist, Frederick had admittedly begun to miss his sessions with Lana now that he wasn't having them. It was nice having someone to talk to and knowing that they won't tell anyone what you say, or think differently of you. The sessions had definitely been helpful too - Lana would give Frederick advice on all kinds of things, even things regarding his mental hospital. Most of the time, the advice was extremely helpful and even when it wasn't, it was probably better than anything Frederick could come up with on his own.

Although in saying that, Frederick didn't really remember most of his sessions with Lana but nevertheless, he trusted her.

Although he missed his sessions with Lana, Frederick would survive until she got back - it wasn't the end of the world.

Or so he thought.

While in the middle with yet another meeting with Jack and Alana, Frederick probably should've realised something was wrong when he saw the change in both of their expressions. Instead, Frederick looked at them confused and asked, "Is something the matter?"

"Um, you're thigh is bleeding." Jack said, gesturing downwards to Frederick's upper thigh.

Frederick looked down and was filled with horror as he saw the dark red stain seeping through the material of his pants.

Oh fuck!

Panicking, Frederick grabbed a handful of tissues from the box on his desk and began throwing them onto his thigh, desperately trying to get the bleeding to stop. Alana pushed the box closer to Frederick, watching him with a raised eyebrow. “Are you alright?” Jack asked.

“F-Fine! I’m fine!” Frederick quickly responded before abruptly standing up.

“M-My apologies, please excuse me.” Frederick said before running off to the nearest bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, Frederick quickly ran into the nearest stall and locked it. Not trusting himself, Frederick had to check it was really locked - then double check, then triple…

Just for good measure.

Once he was sure it was locked, Frederick did the only thing he could think to do.

He called Lana.

“Hello?” Lana’s voice - *a sweet, calming voice that usually was able to relax Frederick* - asked after only one or two rings.

“Lana!” Frederick exclaimed, relieved that she had picked up.

“Frederick? What’s wrong? Did something happen?” Lana asked.

“I-I was in the middle of a meeting and one of the wounds reopened.” Frederick explained, his voice shaking.

“Wounds?” Lana asked, sound confused for a moment.

“From the *incident we discussed before?” Frederick said.*

Frederick heard a quiet, “Oh…” come from the other side.

“Where are you know?” Lana asked.

“In the bathroom. I’ve locked myself in one of the stalls.” Frederick replied, although he felt a bit embarrassed admitting it out loud.

“Is it still bleeding?” Lana asked.

Frederick examined his thigh. There was definitely blood there - judging by the smell and the wet stain - although it was hard to tell from the black material if it was new or old. “I-I don’t know. I think so.” Frederick said.

“Take off your pants.”

Frederick was shocked at the request - for a moment, he wasn’t sure if he had heard correctly. “W-What?” Frederick asked.

“Take off your pants so you can examine your wound and see if it’s still bleeding.” Lana said.

Oh.

That was what Lana meant.

Of course.

Feeling slightly foolish, Frederick complied. Undoing his belt, Frederick pulled down his pants to his knees, thus exposing his thighs. Due to his underwear covering some - actually, most - of his scars that had to be pulled down too. Frederick immediately figured out which wound had reopened. It was at the top of his thigh towards the inner part of it.

It was close to Frederick’s dick.

Frederick pulled off the dressings on the wound, which were soaked with his blood. As he took of the dresings, Frederick examined the wound. There was dried blood around the wound. Some of the blood was new but the wound wasn’t oozing, at the very least. “I think it’s stopping.” Frederick said.

A relieved sigh came from the other side of the phone. “At least that’s good.” Lana said.

Lana paused for a moment, clicking her tongue as she thought about what to do. “Your hands are clean, right?” Lana asked.

"Y-Yes…?" Frederick replied, caught slightly off guard by the question.

"Are there any gloves nearby?" Lana asked.

"Gloves?" Frederick asked, thinking for a moment.

Where on Earth was he supposed to get-

Wait a minute!

"There's an emergency kit in the bathroom. I think I have the key on me." Frederick said.

"Can you go and see what's in it?" Lana asked.

Frederick nodded - although he supposed Lana couldn't really see him nod so the gesture was kind of pointless - and stood up, pulling up his pants and underwear. As he was buckling his belt, Lana asked, "What are you doing now?"

"Putting my pants back on?" Frederick replied, confused by the question.

Did she expect him to walk out with his pants half down?

"But you're just going to have to pull them down again when you redress the wound." Lana said.

"But if someone were to come in and saw me like that I would most likely die of embarrassment." Frederick said.

He couldn't believe they were even having this conversation.

"I doubt anyone will come in the two minutes it would take for you to get the supplies. Besides, if someone comes they can help you redress the wound." Lana said.

"They would also need to call an ambulance after I have a cardiac arrest." Frederick deadpanned.

As Lana was about to respond, Frederick heard someone call her name. Come to think of it, there were many voices in the background coming from the other side of the phone. Perhaps Lana was at some sort of business conference?

"Is this not a good time for us to talk?" Frederick asked, "I'm sure I can

handle this myself."

No, he couldn't…

"I'm sure you could handle redressing the wound on your own but that's not why you called, isn't it? You called because it reminded you of that incident." Lana said.

Frederick didn't reply to that.

Even if he wanted to, Frederick couldn't respond.

Frederick had no response - except for the bright blush on his cheeks.

Frederick was glad that Lana couldn't see him.

Frederick wasn't sure if he was relieved or annoyed that Lana was able to figure out his intentions so easily. On one end, it was infuriating to realise Frederick was even more readable than an open book. On the other end, it saves Frederick having to ask Lana for her comfort outright whilst still receiving Lana's advice. "It's okay to be scared, Frederick." Lana told him, her voice gentle and soft like an angel's - wait, what?

Where on Earth could that thought have possibly came from?

"It's also okay to ask for help. If you don't have anyone else you can talk to, you can always come to me. I won't think any differently of you - in fact, it's kind of cute. I'm not just your psychiatrist but your friend too." Lana continued.

Frederick's cheeks burned dark red.

Why on Earth was he blushing?

What was going on?

Why did he feel so happy to hear Lana's voice?

Why was her reassurance so calming to him?

"You do realise it's probably not a good idea to have a friendship with your client, yes?" Frederick asked.

"I don't think either of us really care about what is and isn't orthodox." Lana replied, "Besides, if a psychiatrist was to develop feelings for her beloved patient, why should she be forced to deny her feelings?"

Wait, was Lana referring to herself?

Was she flirting with him?

Is that what they were doing?

Was Lana in love with Frederick?

No, no that's silly.

Why would Lana ever have feelings for Frederick?

She was probably referring to someone else.

That was probably it.

Why did that thought make Frederick's heart drop so low?

Unsure of what else to say, Frederick finished dressing himself and went out of the stall to the emergency kit. Opening it, Frederick slowly said, "I've found the kit."

"Good. Does it have some disposable gloves in there?" Lana asked.

Frederick pulled out two blue, plastic gloves. They weren't exactly a fashion statement but it should do for now, he supposed. Putting the phone down momentarily to put on the gloves, Frederick could hear Lana humming softly on the other side of the phone while she waited.

She really does have a beautiful voice…

After getting on the gloves, Lana listed multiple things to retrive from the kit - gauze pads, dressings, alcohol free wipes, cloths - and step-by-step talked

Frederick through as she helped him dress his wound.

For the record, Frederick definitely knew something as basic as how to clean a wound - he just liked the sound of Lana's voice.

"Thank you for your help, Lana." Frederick said when the job was finally done.

"It was no trouble at all. I would do anything for you. Like I said, feel free to calm me whenever you need something." Lana replied warmly and friendly.

Looking down at his wrist watch, Frederick was shocked to see that he had been in the bathroom for nearly two hours. As much as he loved talking to Lana, Frederick realised he should probably allow her to get back to whatever she was doing. Suddenly, a voice in the background which Frederick couldn't make out but for some reason, sounded familiar to him - perhaps it was a fellow psychiatrist he had met before. Lana replied to the person, saying, "Just a minute, Mr. Envie!"

Lana then said to Frederick, "Listen, I have to go."

"That's quite all right. I'm sorry for keeping you for so long." Frederick said.

"Alright then, I'll talk to you soon." Lana said.

After hanging up, Frederick stared down at the phone, a warm bubbly feeling in his stomach. Returning back to his office, Frederick found Alana there but no sign of Jack. Frederick was surprised though he wasn't sure if it was because he didn't expect either of them to wait so long for him or because only Alana did. "My apologies for that, Dr. Bloom." Frederick said as he sat down in his desk chair.

Alana was looking at him skeptically, eyebrow raised questioningly as she asked, "What was that all about?"

Although he certainly knew what she was talking about, Frederick tilted his head in feigned confusion as he asked, "What was what about?"

"You know that big scene you made earlier?" Alana asked, crossing her

arms over her chest, "Jack and I spent ages trying to find you. When we couldn't, he left and made me stay here until you came back. I normally don't take orders from Jack Crawford but I don't have anything better to do."

"But evidently, at one stage you took orders from Hannibal Lecter." Frederick pointed out.

Alana rolled her eyes at that, though she didn't dispute it. Instead, she continued, saying, "Your leg started bleeding - are you alright?"

"Dr. Bloom, I'm not sure if this is just me who finds this ironic but I feel as though there's a bit of irony to you asking if I am okay from an injury caused by an attack you and Will Graham caused." Frederick deadpanned.

"Ain't my fault you're gullible." Alana responded.

Frederick wondered if it was possible to explode from anger. Before he could even think about his response, the words came flowing out of his mouth on their own.

"At least I didn't jump into bed with a psychopath!"

Although he had not intended to say those words, Frederick couldn't help but feel satisfied at the way those words made Alana flinch. "Anyways, more importantly, what did you and Jack want to discuss with me? And if this is about being bait to catch Hannibal, you can forget it." Frederick said, feeling slightly more confident than normal - probably from talking to Lana.

Although still appearing irritated by Frederick's previous comment, Alana allowed the subject to change. "It isn't about being bait, this time." Alana said, "You know those gruesome murders that have been talked about in the news?"

It took a moment for Frederick to realise what exactly Alana was referring to. He recalled hearing in the news multiple murders being committed in France, each of gruesome fashions.

The first was the death of Montier De La Cruz - a very rich man whom owned an art gallery. Although he had never met him, Frederick had heard that he was quite a rude and unpleasant man. The chilling fact surrounding his death was that he was murdered exactly a year after getting off scot-free for raping five women, three of which being children under the age of sixteen years old. His eyes were taken out whilst he was alive and were

taken from the scene. There were several cuts and gashes, as well as burns, all over his body. Underneath his eye sockets were trails of blood. In dark lighting, they probably would've looked like tears at first. A large cut from the man's neck down to his stomach was the fatal wound, his intestines on display for anyone unfortunate enough to see. However, his lung was nowhere to be found on the scene, according to the police. His arms were stopping the man's organs from spilling out onto the floor - much. His throat was slit and his arms and legs were glued together in a praying position - the man was made to "confess" his sins before dying.

The second was a woman by the name of Josephine Rose. She was an actress, famous for playing the roles of villains - particularly the "evil old hag" type of characters, most likely because she looked and acted like one in real life. She was recently on the news for her controversial method of disciplining her child, or rather her foster son whom happened to be of dark skin tone. She would pray her son with pepper spray and reprimand him in public in order to "humiliate him into never doing it again" as the woman herself had put it. She was found with her arms and legs cut off and her entire body strung up on multiple strings connected to the ceiling like a marionette. Like the man before, she was also gutted and each organ of hers was also strung up on a seperate string. The only thing which could not be found was her liver. She had also been skinned - probably alive - so the sight was definitely not for the freight of heart. What was the creepiest part to Frederick, however - although this was most likely due to his personal experience - was the fact her lips were bitten off.

The third was another old man - Alexander Louis. According to what was said on the news, the man was seen trying to hit on a four year old boy and had previously been charged with seven sex offences and pedophilia in the past. Like the others, he was gutted and his genitals were cut off - each part being disected except for the balls, which could not be found. Frederick shuddered to think what the killer would be doing with the balls. Alexander also had multiple stab wounds and his tongue was taken out and his nipples were cut off. The tongue glued so that it was hanging out between the man's butt cheeks and his nipples was glued on his cheeks - from a distance, it kind of looked like it was makeup, like a clown. The sides of his head were also impaled - whatever object that was used went straight through the other side.

After that, there were twenty one more murders, each of equal brutality.

But then, curiously, they had stopped.

"The last victim was 3 months ago." Alana said, "Given the fact that like,

many of Hannibal's victims, each of them were gutted and had something of their body taken from them the FBI have been drawing certain conclusions."

Even if Alana hadn't so obviously paused mid-sentence to think about how to phrase it, Frederick still would've known instantly what Alana meant.

"You think Hannibal committed those murders." Frederick said - it wasn't a question but rather a statement.

"It's a possibility." Alana said.

She had a point, it was entirely possible. However, the way the FBI had been handling the entire case made it seem like they thought it was more of a definite case. That was why they were getting involved with the cases happening in France - they wanted to catch Hannibal. "There's another thing I wanted to show you." Alana said, pulling out a piece of paper.

Frederick couldn't see what the paper said but he did see the words "Witness Statement" written on it.

"A witness for Mr. Louis' death said: 'the man who murdered him had brown hair, facial hair and a crazed look in his eyes. He seemed to have a breakdown after he realised what he had done and was comforted by a man in a suit, whose eyes glowed red in the moonlight'." Alana said.

Whose eyes glowed red in the moonlight.

Funny, that almost sounded like poetry.

If Frederick wasn't traumatized from all forms of publishing after his near-death experience with the dragon, perhaps he would've made it a title of one of his books.

"Aside from the fact I would seriously question this witness as to why they did not call the police immediately, more importantly - do you think this brown haired man could be Will?" Frederick asked.

"Out of all twenty four murders, there were only three witnesses. However, one of the witnesses did manage to identify them. They're a rich couple of

high social status, two men - husbands, actually." Alana explained.

Frederick couldn't help but smirk and jokingly say, "Or as Miss Lounds would call them - murder husbands."

Although Alana made no acknowledgement of Frederick's attempt at lightening up the somber mood, Frederick noticed her lip twitch upwards. Although he knew Alana would never admit it if he asked, Frederick knew Alana found his joke at least a little bit funny.

Considering he sometimes felt as though the woman had a stick shoved up her ass, amusing her even a little bit was a massive achievement.

Perhaps he should give himself a pat on the back for that, as his primary school teachers would always tell them when Frederick was little.

"The names of the people they identified were Alexis Envie and Charles Envie." Alana continued.

Frederick tilted his head slightly, wondering what Alana was going on about.

Was Alana saying they were Mr. and Mr. Envie or were they Hannibal and Will?

"So they're not Hannibal and Will?" Frederick asked.

"No, they are." Alana said.

Frederick's eyebrows furrowed, the lines on his forehead creasing in annoyance and confusion. Alana proceeded to pull out a photo. It was hard to see due to the dim lighting and the position it was taken from - as if someone was hiding and trying to not be seen. However, Frederick could make out a brown-haired man bent down next to Louis' corpse. Looming over both the corpse and the man was another man in a suit - just as the witness had described. "It's a good thing the witness was a journalist." Alana said, "He was practically a male version of Freddie Lounds."

Frederick had to stop himself from gagging at that.

*He was pretty sure everyone would agree that the world certainly did **NOT** need another Freddie Lounds.*

"Although I do admit there is an eerie sense of familiarity with the people in the picture, it's not clear enough to determine definitely that they're Hannibal and Will." Frederick said.

"You're right about that." Alana said.

Frederick had a feeling there was going to be a "but".

"But take a look of these." Alana continued, pulling out two photographs.

Frederick looked closely at the photos but he couldn't at all recognise the people in each of the photographs. "Who are they?" Frederick asked.

"Charles and Alexis Envie. These photos were taken of them exactly one month before Will and Hannibal disappeared." Alana replied.

Frederick looked between the pictures and the picture of the men who murdered Louis. They bared striking resemblances - same dark hair, same eyes, same facial features - until Frederick looked closer and realised that hidden underneath strands of Charles' brown locks was a scar. It was at the side of his neck and the position the witness had taken his photo from would've given him a clear view of the scar, yet the photo showed nothing. As well as this, the Charles in the witness' photos had blue eyes yet the photo Alana gave him had green. It could've been due to the lighting difference, however upon realising Alexis' eyes had the same issue - the photo of the murder featuring him with red eyes but Alana's showing brown eyes - Frederick was beginning to become more and more convinced of Alana's theory.

“How did you get these pictures?” Frederick asked.

“I searched through the police database.” Alana said, her tone causal as if her words meant nothing.

Frederick looked at Alana, surprised and wondering whether he had heard wrong.

How on Earth did the police allow her to look through people’s files?

Unless of course…

They didn’t.

Looking at the other skeptically, Frederick asked, “Does Jack Crawford know about this?”

Alana waved her hand dismissively, replying, “He doesn’t need to.”

In other words, he doesn’t know.

Frederick paced around the room, moving towards the window and glancing outside at the cars speeding past as he thought for a moment. “In total these murderers have caused twenty four deaths - assuming they haven’t murdered more. Twenty four is a rather odd number, is it not? Why not twenty five or thirty? And why have they suddenly stopped? Why aren’t they killing anymore?” Frederick asked.

Alana’s eyes widened as she realised what Frederick was thinking, saying, “Unless they specifically wanted twenty four victims!”

“But what’s so special about the number twenty four?” Alana asked, frowning slightly.

Frederick thought for a moment, trying to recall all of his previous conversations with both Will and Hannibal. He racked his brain, trying to remember if they had ever told him anything - birthdays, lucky numbers, special dates, anything that could relate to the number twenty four.

Then it hit him.

Eyes wide with realisation, Frederick quickly turned to Alana and asked, "Quickly, how many letters are in Will's full name?"

Alana stared at Frederick confused, as if he was crazy. Now it was her turn to be confused. Regardless, Alana counted the letters on her fingers before finally replying. "Ten. Why?" Alana asked.

"And in Hannibal's?" Frederick asked.

"Fourteen." Alana answered, still looking confused.

"Now add them together." Frederick told her.

After a couple of seconds of initial confusion, Alana's eyes widened in shock and realisation as she finally realised what Frederick was saying.

"Twenty four!"

"That must be what it means!" Alana exclaimed, "But since they've reached it, does that mean they're going to stop killing? I doubt Hannibal would do that."

Frederick thought for a moment. It was true that they could possibly have stopped killing but Alana was right - more than likely, neither Hannibal or Will would ever be able to stop killing. "You are correct, I doubt they would stop too. Therefore, there must be some other reason as to why they would stop." Frederick replied.

Both of them thought for a moment.

If only Will was still on their side - it would be helpful to be able to see into Hannibal's head and see what he was planning.

Finally, after what felt like hours of silent thinking, Alana broke the silence, asking, "Could it be possible that they're planning to move somewhere else so that they can avoid suspicion?"

Frederick thought about it, it did seem the more likely option compared to their previous ideas but the question was why would they move? "Perhaps someone was becoming suspicious of them?" Frederick thought out loud.

"That could very well be the case and if it is, that person's life is at serious risk - especially if Will and Hannibal know they're onto them." Alana said.

"But what if it's not them behind this? You can't send the FBI over to France just for an unproven theory. If it turns out to be incorrect, the media will mock them even more than they have been doing previously." Frederick pointed out.

"That's why Jack and I want you to go over as a spy." Alana replied.

"I thought this wasn't about the bait-thing!" Frederick said.

Alana sighed, rolling her eyes before saying, "Come on, Doctor. What do you have to lose?"

Frederick placed his hands on his hips, pretending to think, "Hmmm...Now, let me think about that...Oh yeah - my life!"

"Can you please be serious for one moment-" Alana began but was cut off.

"No! If being serious involves putting my life at risk to do your dirty work, then no - I would rather be alive than serious." Frederick snapped back.

Alana went silent, trying to formulate a response. The fact that she was silent for so long made it clear to Frederick that deep down Alana knew Frederick was right.

He wasn't sure if her being aware of that made things better or not.

Eventually Alana responded, "It's not my dirty work - it's Jack's."

Frederick wasn't sure if he wanted to laugh or cry at that pathetic response.

He couldn't help but note that Alana was trying to push the blame onto Jack for wanting to put Frederick's life at risk for the stupid plan, similarly to how she pushed the blame onto Will regarding Frederick's encounter with the Tooth Fairy.

"In that case, if Jack Crawford has business with me, he can come discuss it with me personally, rather than making you do it for him." Frederick said, returning to his desk.

Before Alana could respond, Frederick continued, "Now, if you would excuse me, Doctor Bloom, I'm afraid I have a lot of work to catch up on so if you could see yourself out, that would be lovely."

Although Alana appeared reluctant, eventually she relented - probably realising Frederick was too stubborn to ever agree to something so stupid - and left. Despite his best attempts to go back to work, Frederick couldn't

stop himself from thinking about he and Alana's conversation and the terrifying yet somewhat relieving possibility that Hannibal and Will were most likely the ones behind those deaths. There was something off about those names Alana had told him Will and Hannibal were using - "Envie".

Where had Frederick heard that before?

After spending a large portion of the afternoon trying to rack his brain for answers, Frederick suddenly came to a horrific realisation. Recalling his conversation with Lana on the phone, Frederick remembered the name of the person who called for her at the end before she had to go. Lana's words and voice seemed to echo in Frederick's head as the moment replayed in his mind.

"Just a minute, Mr. Envie!"

Oh fuck!

Lana was with Will and Hannibal!

No wonder the voice sounded so eerily familiar - it was Hannibal's!

Lana was in trouble!

For some reason, that thought brought back a familiar sick feeling that Frederick had not felt in a long time - since Francis Dolarhyde…

Perhaps, he should just leave it be - leave it for the FBI to sort out and not have anything to do with it.

Perhaps, if it were anyone else, he would've been able to do that.

But because it was Lana, Frederick had to do something about it.

He had to save her.

Maybe it was a bad idea.

Maybe he shouldn't have done it.

They were merely psychiatrist and patient, that was all their relationship could be.

But despite that, Frederick found himself worrying about her.

Caring for her.

Grabbing his phone, Frederick frantically scrolled through his contacts - his heart pounding a million beats per millisecond, as if it were about to jump right out of his chest - before finally finding Lana's and calling her.

Immediately, Frederick heard a voice.

It wasn't Lana's.

"The number you have tried to reach is unavailable, please leave a message after the beep."

Immediately, the worst possible scenario came to Frederick's mind.

What if Lana was dead?

For some reason, the idea of Lana being dead hit Frederick like a truck.

Frederick debated leaving a message for a moment but in the end, decided to so Lana could see when - or rather, if - she was able to. "Lana, you have to stay away from Mr. Envie and his husband - they're not actually who they say they are. They're Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham and we think they may be behind all those murders that have been on the news recently. I'm about to call Jack Crawford and I'll arrange a flight over there. Contact me as soon as you can, please."

Frederick cringed as his voice cracked on the last word.

After finishing his message, Frederick proceed to call Jack. "Dr. Chilton?" Jack asked, his tone surprised.

"I've decided I'll go along with your plan to bait Hannibal." Frederick told him.

Jack was silent for a moment - probably overcoming his surprise at Frederick's sudden change of mind - before eventually asking, "What changed your mind?"

Frederick's answer was brief, simple.

“I decided to think with my heart, rather than my brain.”

Meanwhile, Lana Faith sat in the home of Charles and Alexis Envie. Although the dinner party was long finished, Lana had insisted on stay a bit longer. She had known Alexis for a while now and since she had brought them Charles’ dogs, they both agreed saying it was the least they could do. Although she was supposed to be friends with them, she knew there was something off about them. From the moment Frederick had first described Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham to her, Lana had suspected that something was up.

The voice message she had received proved her right.

A smirk pulled at the edges of her purple lips.

Well, this made for an interesting opportunity. <

As much as she loved Frederick, Lana couldn’t help but wonder what would happen if the Envies knew they were being suspected. Truth be told, Lana admired the Chesapeake Ripper much more than she had previously stated. She had originally been an artist but then changed to psychology in hopes of getting to meet Hannibal. She saw a lot of herself in Hannibal - both intelligent, manipulative, able to fool the police…

And both of them fell in love when they had absolutely no desire to do so.

Yes, as annoying as it was to admit, Lana had fallen in love with Frederick Chilton. From his cheerful attitude, adorable smile, amazing personality - Lana loved every part of him. Especially how cute he was when he was embarrassed or sad. Although Frederick would never admit it, he was secretly more insecure and shy than he made himself out to be. He hid it well but Lana was knowledgeable enough to pick up on it the minute she laid eyes on him.

It was because of that she knew Frederick’s biggest secret - something he absolutely did not want anyone to know.

With this knowledge, Lana could do so many things. She could break

him - *shatter him into a million pieces.* Or she could blackmail him - *use his connections to further her own, personal gain.*

But that's boring.

Instead, Lana would mould him into a masterpiece of her own creation.

She had already begun to break him.

After, she would then pick up the pieces and put them back together in ways she saw fit.

Lana Faith loved Frederick Chilton.

That's why she was going to break him.

Similarly, Hannibal Lecter loved Will Graham.

That's why he broke him.

"Please, make yourself comfortable, Miss Faith." Alexis - *or rather, Hannibal* - said as he handed Lana a drink of wine.

"Thank you, Mr. Envie." Lana said, taking a sip from the wine whilst keeping her eyes locked on Hannibal.

Lana sat on an armchair while Will Graham was on the couch - he and his dogs practically taking up the whole couch. Hannibal sat in the armchair across from Lana, an elegant smile on his face. Will was happily stroking and playing with his dogs - a few of them were having a miniature fight to gain the privilege of lying on Will's lap. "Thank you again for getting my dogs for me." Will told Lana, "I'm sorry if it was an inconvenience for you."

Lana smiled as sweetly as she could, saying, "It was really no trouble at all, Mr. Envie. I'm glad you and the dogs are happy. I can tell they love you."

"Not as much as I love you, however." Hannibal said, smiling lovingly at

Will.

Will's face turned a dark red as he smiled back at Hannibal.

"I love your work, Mr. Envie." Lana said to Hannibal as she took another sip of her drink.

"Why, thank you." Hannibal said, "I managed to find a few of your old creations from when you were an artist - they're almost as beautiful as the woman who painted them."

Lana giggled at that, especially because of the jealousy written all over Will's face. Hannibal moved onto the couch - taking care to avoid the maze of dogs on his way - and placed an arm around Will's shoulders and tilted Will's face towards him so he could plant a kiss on his forehead. "Of course, nothing can compare to your beauty, my dearest." Hannibal said.

Those few, simple words seemed to satisfy Will, a smile now on his face.

They looked so happy…

Now was the time to break the news.

"As much as I do love your art, that wasn't what I was referring to." Lana said, noting the pause in both of their actions.

Hannibal hid his shock better than Will, who visibly flinched at Lana's words and looked at Hannibal with concern and fear. Hannibal looked at Lana calmly and said, "Miss Faith, I'm afraid I'm unsure what you're referring to."

"Of course you know, Doctor Lecter." Lana said, noticing Hannibal's lip twitch.

"Shit." Will muttered, Lana still being able to hear despite Will muttering it under his breath.

"You might want to hear this." Lana said before playing to them Frederick's voice message.

"Fucking perfect." Will grunted.

"That's Frederick Chilton's voice, is it not?" Hannibal asked.

“Indeed it is.” Lana said, “He’s my patient.”

“Frederick Chilton sees a psychiatrist?” Will asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Indeed. He’s quite traumatised after you made him get attacked by the Tooth Fairy.” Lana replied, hoping to get a reaction out of Will but feeling disappointed when all he did was stare blankly in response, not a trace of guilt or regret on his face.

“I thought you were overseas on business?” Hannibal asked.

“I was. I went overseas to take over Frederick’s care. I usually don’t go overseas just to see a patient but Frederick intrigues me. I didn’t tell him I actually live here, though. I know that if he knew, he would release himself from my care and force me to go home out of guilt, thinking he is causing me too much trouble.” Lana replied.

“So what? You’re going to turn us into the police now?” Will asked, face resting on his hands as he slumped forward in disappointment.

“Unless we kill her.” Hannibal suggested.

“But Chilton knows and has probably told Jack and the entire FBI by now.” Will said.

Lana held her hands up defensively, saying, “You don’t have to kill me, I’m on your side.”

Both Will and Hannibal turned to look at her, Will’s expression surprise whilst Hannibal's was more intrigued. “Is that so?” Hannibal asked.

“Why would you help us? We’re cannibalistic serial killers!” Will said, looking at Lana skeptically.

A smirk formed on Lana’s purple lips - not a playful or sweet smirk but rather a cold, cruel smirk.

“Us serial killers gotta stick together.”

Chapter End Notes

Say it with me now, people:

"Fuck you, Lana!"

And for the record, if you guys want to hate Lana down in the comments go for it - I tried to make her an unlikable character - someone who doesn't stand out too much at first and seems nice enough and then turns out to be a psychopath. Like a less-likeable version of Hannibal. However, though she is similar to Hannibal in many ways since she does indeed idolize him in many ways, she isn't completely like him. For example, Hannibal would never hurt Will but if she had to, Lana wold hurt Frederick if it were for her own benefit. Also, unlike Hannibal although she is a serial killer the idea of cannibalizing her victims does not appeal to Lana. While they both display their victims, Lana's method is a bit subtler - which we will get into next chapter.

Surprised

Chapter Summary

Creatures of beauty are often the most enjoyable to crush.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS DESCRIPTIONS OF RAPE AND TORTURE. IT'S QUITE GRAPHIC SO IF YOU PREFER TO NOT READ THAT STUFF, SKIP TO THE END OF CHAPTER NOTES AFTER YOU FINISH READING THE PART WHERE FREDERICK LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS IN LANA'S CAR.

Also I promise this chapter isn't really as long as it looks...kinda.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham was surprised.

For a couple of minutes, no one said a word. Will looked at Lana curiously, trying to analyse her expression to see whether or not she was telling the truth. Will looked over at Hannibal and could tell once he saw that his lover's lips were pressed together in a thin line that Hannibal was also trying to figure out Lana's motive. "Remember a couple of years ago when there was that serial killer known as the Artist?" Lana asked.

"I've heard about that case - they called the killer the Artist because they would use parts of their victim for their artwork so they arrested an artist for the crimes." Will recalled.

If he was remembering the news reports correctly, Will remembered the killer had used the victim's blood as red paint for a few of their drawings and the only reason they figured out it was blood was because of the smell. The painting was hung up in art galleries for months before a visitor noticed the smell. They had also used a victim's eyeballs for a realistic painting. The most prominent fact Will could remember was a painting of Heaven the killer created. The painting featured a lot of use of the colour white - particularly for the clouds. Upon examination, the police found that it was not really white paint at all.

*It was **semen.***

Will nearly vomited at the memory.

“If I recall correctly, the Artist was arrested - some artist by the name of Leonardo.” Hannibal said.

Will nodded in agreement, “Yeah, that’s right. He maintained his innocence though, didn’t he?”

Hannibal smiled charmingly as he said, “And he suffered the death penalty for it.”

Lana smirked and for a moment, Will swore he saw her eyes turn red as she said in a cheery, sing-song voice that was completely out of place in that moment, “They should’ve listened to him.”

Will raised an eyebrow and asked, “What do you mean?”

“She means he wasn’t the killer - she framed him.” Hannibal realised, a smile creeping onto his face as he observed Lana with interest.

“That’s right!” Lana exclaimed, “I’ve always admired you, Doctor Lecter - both as a psychiatrist, artist and serial killer.”

Hannibal smiled and replied, “Likewise, Miss Faith.”

“I’ll help you guys escape before the FBI arrive.” Lana declared.

Will, ever skeptical, mumbled to Hannibal, “I feel like there’s a but coming up.”

“But-”

Will groaned at that, saying, “I knew it.”

“But-” Lana continued, “- in exchange, I need your help in capturing Frederick and taking him with us.”

Will raised an eyebrow at that - admittedly that request wasn’t as crazy as Will had expected it to be. However, that was not to say it was perfect. “Where would we go anyways? They already know we’re here.” Will said.

“I’ve been making arrangements for us to move, actually. We’ve already overstayed our welcome in France so I figured it was about time to move, anyways. The flight is supposed to be next week but I’m sure I can arrange for it to be earlier.” Hannibal suggested.

Will raised an eyebrow at that, saying, “You didn’t tell me we were moving.”

“It was supposed to be a surprise.” Hannibal replied.

“Where are we going?” Will asked.

“We’re going to Australia.” Hannibal said.

Will thought for a moment. Australia seemed like a nice place. Will had never been there but people he knew had visited the place and said it’s amazing. There was one thing Will had to confirm first, though.

“Can I bring my dogs?”

Hannibal laughed at how concerned Will was for his dogs, even Lana cracked a small smile. “Yes, you can bring the dogs.” Hannibal said, much to Will’s delight.

Suddenly, a high pitched, tune blared throughout the room. Will couldn’t help but find the tune annoying, cringing slightly as he asked, “What’s that?”

“Oh, that’s my ringtone.” Lana said before reaching into her bag and pulling out a purple phone with a keychain shaped like a paint brush attached to it.

Will wondered who would ever be able to put up with such an annoying ringtone.

As Lana stepped out of the room to answer whoever called her, Will sighed and rubbed his forehead with his hand. The pack of dogs nuzzled up to their owner, each of them barking - their barks the same tune as Lana’s ringtone. “Your dogs are talented.” Hannibal commented.

Will sighed, saying, “I wish they would sing something less annoying, though.”

“You don’t like Miss Faith’s ringtone?” Hannibal asked.

“You do?” Will asked, looking up from his hands to give Hannibal a raised eyebrow.

Hannibal’s silence was enough of an answer for Will.

Regardless, each of the dogs decided to answer for him. Each dog barked a happy “Woof!”

It was as if they were saying that they liked the horrible ringtone.

Looking down at his dogs, Will playfully asked, “Who asked you lot?”

Hannibal smiled as he watched Will lovingly stroke Winston and the huge smile on Will’s face as he played with his dogs.

However, it didn’t take long for Will’s smile to falter.

“What a shit situation we managed to get ourselves into.” Will muttered, only absent mindedly as he ran his fingers up and down Winston’s back.

“It is indeed quite the pickle.” Hannibal said.

“The whole thing annoys me so much.” Will said, practically growling towards the end, “Why can’t they just let us go?”

“Most probably because we’re cannibalistic serial killers.” Hannibal pointed out.

“Oh come on, does anyone really still care? I bet everyone’s forgotten about us.” Will said.

Without saying a word, Hannibal reached forward and grabbed the newspaper on the coffee table in front of them. Clearing his throat, Hannibal began to read the article on the front page, “Murder husbands still on the run. The FBI are now believing that the infamous couple - dubbed murder husbands by the public - Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter, have fled to Paris-”

“Okay, okay, I get it.” Will huffed, cutting Hannibal off.

At that moment, Lana happened to re-enter the room, making her presence known by saying, “Am I interrupting a lover’s quarrel?”

Hannibal smirked and playfully winked at Will. On the other hand, Will blushed, folding his arms and turning his head to the side. “Who was on the phone?” Will asked as Lana sat back in the chair she was sitting in before.

“Frederick. He’s landed in Paris and I’m meeting him there in thirty minutes.” Lana replied, browsing through her phone.

“Shouldn’t you get going then, if you’re going to meet with him? It’ll take you awhile to get there.” Will pointed out.

“He can wait.” Lana answered casually as she flicked through what appeared to be social media.

Will was confused. He couldn’t figure out what kind of relationship Lana had with Frederick. It definitely exceeded the boundaries of professionalism and probably friendship too. He was at a loss as to whether their relationship was one-sided or what. Lana had claimed to love Frederick but while she sometimes seemed to care for him, there were other times like this where she seemed cold and uncaring.

It was like trying to analyse a female Hannibal.

Will never thought he would ever feel sympathetic towards someone like Frederick Chilton but realising how similar their situations were, Will couldn’t help but feel bad for him.

After a couple of minutes of awkward silence, Lana finally stood up and said, “Well, I had better get going. Stay here and I’ll be back soon.”

As Lana walked out the door, Will mumbled to Hannibal, “Who made her the boss?”

As Lana arrived at the airport, it was easy to spot Frederick - the man who looked like he was in the middle of a war zone. “Frederick!” Lana called out to him.

Turning around, relief washed over Frederick’s face as he saw Lana, who wrapped her arms around him in a warm hug. Frederick blushed, caught off guard by the unexpected - though not unwelcome - hug. Eventually, Frederick hugged Lana back, his hands brushing against Lana’s long, soft and perfectly straightened purple locks. “I’m glad you’re okay.” Frederick muttered quietly, an embarrassed blush on his face as he looked away.

Lana smiled and said, “It’s sweet that you would worry about me. You can tell me everything on the way to my place.”

Frederick tilted his head in confusion as he repeated, “Your place?”

“Yeah, I mean, we can go somewhere else if you want. I just thought my place would provide us with the most privacy.” Lana said.

Despite her offer for them to go somewhere else, Lana knew Frederick would always agree with her choice regardless.

"No, no." Frederick said, "Your house is fine."

Lana smiled. To Frederick it was probably a sweet, caring smile but in reality, it was an manipulative, cunning grin. Lana walked Frederick to her car. As they went inside, Lana in the driver's seat and Frederick next to her, Lana decided to begin the conversation, saying, "So what's going on?"

Frederick sighed - *probably fed up by the whole situation* - and said proceeded to explain to Lana the pictures Alana showed him, how they figured out who Hannibal and Will were pretending to be and how they knew their whereabouts. "Of course, such little and flimsy evidence isn't enough to send over the entire FBI so Alana and Jack decided to place a monitor on me so they could broadcast it to the FBI while I go collect evidence. It's a silly plan, I know but I suspect their just too desperate for a solution to be able to think of anything better." Frederick explained.

"So you're wearing the monitor right now?" Lana asked.

"Yes, it's right here." Frederick replied, pointing to an area on his lapel.

Lana didn't notice it until Frederick pointed it out but there was indeed a small, black device on the front of his jacket, blending in perfectly with the black material. "It records both visual and audio." Frederick said.

"And it's just that black thing? Nothing else?" Lana asked.

"Not unless you count the wiring attaching it to me." Frederick answered.

"That's good." Lana said.

Frederick raised a confused eyebrow at Lana, asking, "What makes you say that?"

Lana didn't respond but the stoic look on her face as well as the fact that she suddenly pulled over on the side of the road made Frederick's heart pound, a sense of uneasiness filling him.

What was he getting scared for?

It was only Lana.

He could trust Lana.

Right?

Taking off her seat belt, Lana leaned in close to Frederick, so that their faces were barely even a centimetre away. A blush spread across Frederick's face and he found himself wondering whether Lana was about to kiss him. "L-Lana?" Frederick asked.

If Lana was planning to kiss him, it would be their first kiss.

Her lips now brushing against his ear, Lana whispered something Frederick was unable to catch before his vision suddenly started to blur and conscious failed him.

Lana smirked.

It was the exact smirk she had on at the airport.

It was the exact same pairs of lips Frederick had fantasised of kissing.

It was the exact same person Frederick's entirely depended on.

But something was off.

There was no warmth in the smirk.

No sweetness.

No love.

Just pure evil.

It reminded him of the smirk Francis Dolarhyde gave him.

In that moment, Frederick saw Lana Faith not as the fake persona he had deluded himself into believing.

Like scales falling from his eyes, Frederick could now see Lana clearly - for what she really was.

A monster.

Then everything went black.

When he next opened his eyes, Frederick was no longer in Lana's car but rather back inside the home of Francis Dolarhyde. The Dragon loomed over him, anger and hatred burning in his furious eyes which were devoid of any mercy whatsoever. Frederick screamed as he was yanked off of the wheelchair he had been glued to, some parts of his skin being torn in the process before Frederick was thrown onto the ground, clumsily trying to catch himself on his hands and knees. He had been holding back tears all this time but he couldn't stop a few drops rolling down his cheeks at the sensation of his skin being torn off.

Between sobs and hiccups, Frederick choked out, "P-Please, let me go!"

"Do you really think you have earned the Dragon's forgiveness after the things you've said?" *Frederick's abuser asked, pulling Frederick's hair roughly.*

"I-It wasn't m-me!" Frederick tried to say but was shoved down onto his stomach.

Francis grabbed his computer which displayed the article Freddie Lounds wrote. After repeating several quotes from the article Frederick had allegedly stated, the Dragon used his foot to force Frederick onto his back and asked, ***"Did you or did you not say this?"***

Frederick tilted his head to the side, too scared to meet the unforgiving gaze of his abuser. Quietly, Frederick muttered, "I-I'm sorry…"

The Dragon tsked, saying, ***"That's not an answer, Doctor."***

Frederick yelped as the Dragon tightly gripped his chin, his nails digging into Frederick's skin as he was forced to look at his kidnapper, who said, ***"Answer the question, Frederick."***

Frederick shivered with both fear and disgust at the way his first name was said. Tears rolling down his face, Frederick squeezed his eyes shut before saying what he thought the Dragon wanted to hear. "I-I did...I'm sorry! D-Don't kill me, please!" Frederick begged.

"Look at me." *the Dragon demanded.*

When Frederick did not immediately comply, the Dragon yelled the command again, his booming voice bellowing and echoing throughout the room. This time, Frederick forced his eyes open and met the Dragon's rage.

He couldn't help but feel as though he were the size of an ant underneath the Dragon's horrifying glare.

Despite the river of tears rolling down Frederick's face as well as his very obvious and terrified sobbing, no ounce of mercy appeared in the Dragon's expression as his hands slowly reached up, clasping around Frederick's neck. Although the grip wasn't tight enough to cut off Frederick's airway - yet - Frederick couldn't help but begin to panic.

He was sure that this would be where the Dragon strangled him to death before throwing his body into a river, or something.

Frederick's heart was beating a million beats per second.

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It was as though his heart was going to jump right out of his chest.

This was it.

He was going to die.

The Dragon tilted his head to the side, exposing Frederick's neck. Frederick couldn't hold back a small whimper as he squeezed his eyes shut in fear. He could still feel the Dragon's lips on his skin, trailing down his neck. Frederick gasped softly as he felt cold air on his neck - did the Dragon just smell him? "STOP! STOP! PLEASE, STOP!" Frederick pointlessly begged, tears running down his face as he realised it was no use pleading - his pleas would only fall on deaf ears.

Suddenly, Frederick cried out as the Dragon bit into his shoulder, causing blood to flood out.

The pain was excruciating.

Frederick screamed as he felt the Dragon bite off a chunk of his skin. ***"Stop screaming."*** *the Dragon commanded, cold and unforgiving as he bit harder on Frederick's soft and sensitive skin.*

Frederick bit his lip, desperately trying to contain his screams so as to avoid

further torture.

Perhaps if he was lucky, he would bleed to death instead.

Frederick knew his luck was nowhere near that good.

Luck and fate were never kind to him.

If they even existed, that is.

A scream managed to escape him and Frederick dug his nails into the carpet - the bloodstained carpet. It wasn't until he opened his eyes and though his vision was teary and blurry, he could see that the Dragon was ***pissed.***

Frederick gulped.

The Dragon's strong, hard claws clamped around Frederick's neck - this time cutting off his air supply. Frederick gasped and struggled for breath, tears running down his face.

Although, Frederick wondered if they were tears of pain, fear or relief.

Pain, of course, from the excruciating aches and pains coursing throughout his tortured and abused body...

Fear from the possibility of dying...

And relief from the possibility of dying...

At least then the torture would finally be over...

Hopefully.

"Tsk, tsk, Doctor Chilton. How disappointing. I gave you one instruction and you couldn't even do that right. You truly are worthless." *the Dragon said, his tone low.* ***"Now, you must beg once again for the Dragon's forgiveness."*** *the Dragon said,* ***"Get on your knees."***

For some reason, the Dragon speaking quietly was even more terrifying than him yelling.

Frederick whimpered.

Though not from the pain.

Not from how scary the Dragon's tone was.

Not from the abuse he was suffering.

But because he knew that what the Dragon was saying was true.

He believed every word the Dragon was saying.

Frederick Chilton truly was a pathetic and worthless creature.

As much as he didn't want to, Frederick rushed to obey, moving so that he was bending forward on all fours - his bare ass naked and vulnerable in the air. The Dragon's next command was only one word, yet one word could mean so much.

"Beg."

"I-I'm s-s-so sorry…" Frederick pathetically said between sobs, "P-Please forgive me, I'll do anything t-to make up f-for my d-disobedience..."

A rough hand grabbed Frederick's chin, tilting his head up so that Frederick was forced to meet his abuser's gaze once again.

"The Dragon is feeling merciful today. You had better be thankful."

This was merciful?

Frederick wasn't sure if death would've been better or not.

Regardless, he did as he was commanded to.

"T-Thank you…" Frederick whispered, his voice breaking and shaking from crying.

The Dragon let go of his chin and immediately Frederick's head flopped back down and he was staring at the floor. His sore and abused neck was too weak to hold up his head on it's own. The Dragon moved to behind Frederick, who didn't realise until he found himself screaming, tears running down his face and an unbearable surge of pain in his rear.

Frederick screamed, tears flowing at the pain.

It was as though he was being literally ripped apart.

"Shut up." the Dragon growled, "You should be thankful that something as pitiful as you gets the honour of having the Dragon fuck you."

Frederick finally realising what was causing his pain - the Dragon had forced himself into Frederick and was planning on fucking him. With absolutely no preparation, Frederick couldn't stop himself from screaming and crying. He could feel blood leaking from his stretching, abused hole. Frederick uselessly tried to beg once again in desperation, "NO! NO! PLEASE STOP! TAKE IT OUT! TAKE IT OUT! PLEASE, IT HURTS!"

"I told you to shut up." *the Dragon, ever unforgiving, hissed,* ***"I could just fuck you and then kill you after I've cummed, you know. Do not think that this means your life is no longer in danger, nor does this mean insubordination will be tolerated. Unless, of course, you want me to kill you once I've cummed. Would you like that, Doctor?"***

They both already knew the answer to that.

The Dragon was only asking it to force Frederick to answer.

To force Frederick to humiliate himself.

Although it would certainly get him out the situation, Frederick didn't want to die - at least not by the Dragon's hands.

He knew that however the Dragon decided to kill him would definitely cause excruciating pain.

Quietly, Frederick muttered his response under his breath. "What was that, Doctor?" the Dragon asked, pounding harder into Frederick, causing the doctor and author to scream loudly.

"I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY! D-DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE FUCK ME, PLEASE!"

Frederick's face was flushed a dark red of embarrassment and humiliation,

tears rolling down his face. The Dragon smirked. As Frederick laid there, thrashing and shaking on the stained carpet as his ass continued to be violently abused, only two things occupied his thoughts. The Dragon's relentless abuse continued until Frederick finally passed out from pain, lying in a heap of sweat, tears, blood and lots and lots of cum. Picking up the doctor's limp and scarred body, the Dragon admired his art - Frederick's broken and abused form would forever be marked as the Dragon's greatest masterpiece.

"Good."

How much Frederick wanted to die in that moment.

And Frederick's resentment of Will Graham and Alana Bloom.

They had caused this to happen to him.

He had trusted them and they betrayed him.

They knew this would happen and did it on purpose.

They wanted to see him get harmed.

The feeling of betrayal was almost enough to numb the pain of his ass being ripped apart.

Almost.

In that moment, Frederick hated Alana and Will for dragging him into this mess almost as much as he hated himself for thinking he could trust them.

He was such a pretty thing too.

It was almost a shame he would have to suffer the Dragon's wrath.

Almost.

He certainly was a beautiful creature, though - the Dragon would admit that.

The Dragon loved crushing and breaking beautiful things.

And Frederick Chilton would never be the same ever again.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who skipped the rape/torture scene, it was just a flashback to when Frederick was kidnapped, tortured and (in this fic) raped by the Dragon. Hence why, Frederick has those scars on his thighs and around his dick.

Well, partly.

Also: thump.

If all the thumps make the chapter lag, please let me know in the comments of either this chapter or a previous one and I'll take away the three billion thumps.

Awake Again

Chapter Summary

Frederick Chilton was awake.

He wished he wasn't.

Chapter Notes

Despite what the title seems to suggest, this is a new chapter, not a rewrite of the previous chapter titled "Awake".

My apologies for not updating in a while, I'm a terrible human being.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Again, Frederick Chilton was awake.

The first thing he noticed was that his mind was filled with fog.

He couldn't remember at all what had happened or how he was knocked out.

The second thing Frederick noticed was that he was tied up.

Immediately, memories came to Frederick - horrible nightmares which he would never be able to forget.

It reminded him of when he was held captive by the Tooth Fairy.

Perhaps he was in the middle of yet another nightmare?

No, this was too different compared to when he was captured by the Tooth Fairy.

Back then, the place he was detained in reeked of danger and torment.

Now, it reeked of manipulation and fear.

Fear of betrayal.

Frederick had a bad feeling about this.

The optimist in him always said that Frederick could've been hurt far worse than what he suffered during his encounter with the Tooth Fairy.

The pessimist in him believed this was true.

Observing his surroundings, Frederick spotted a set of stairs leading up to a - *presumably locked* - door. The walls were decorated with regal patterns of black and white swirls and the floor was a soft, fluffy carpet - *almost like a cloud.* It's relaxing and comforting softness was completely unfitting to the situation Frederick was in.

Why did Frederick feel like he had been in here before?

And what was that awful smell?

A horrific realisation came to Frederick as he realised what it was that he was smelling. He had smelt it many times so at this point, he was an expert at identifying it.

Blood.

And the smell of rotting flesh.

Shockingly, that wasn't even the part that horrified Frederick.

The horrifying part was the sweet, strong fragrance mixed with the scent of blood and death.

It was perfume.

Lana's perfume!

And speak of the devil, who should enter the room at that moment to relish in Frederick's horror than Lana herself, accompanied by two people behind whose faces Frederick could not see.

"I see you're awake, Frederick. How are you feeling?" Lana asked casually, as though nothing was wrong.

"Lana, tell me what's going on." Frederick demanded.

As they came closer, Frederick realised who was behind Lana. Panic and fear rose within him as he yelled out, "L-Lana! Behind you!"

“I know.” Lana responded, not needing to turn around to know what Frederick was warning her about.

“No, you don't understand. They're Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham-”

“She knows.” Will said, cutting Frederick off with an amused grin.

Frederick looked at Lana questioningly but before he could say anything, Will said, “Doctor Chilton. I see you’ve healed quite well from your little encounter with the Tooth Fairy.”

Frederick growled, saying, “Yes, the encounter you set me up for.”

“It's good to see that you're not too ugly after your ordeal.” Hannibal said.

“And you two don't appear too damaged after your supposed deaths.” Frederick shot back.

Again, there was that strong smell.

The smell of blood.

“And why does this place smell like blood? Who else have you killed?” Frederick asked, narrowing his eyes suspiciously at the former FBI agent and psychiatrist.

“It's not who we’ve killed.” Will said.

Frederick stared at them confused, wondering at first what they meant before a horrific possibility came to him. “Lana?” Frederick asked, his heart stopping for a moment as he looked at her questioningly.

Lana laughed happily.

If anyone outside of those in the room was able to hear her laugh, they wouldn't know it was in response to being accused of murder.

“Oh come on, my dear Frederick. Give me more credit than that! Although, I guess I can't blame you for suspecting me. I am a serial killer, after all.” Lana responded, her grin wide and menacing, completely different to her usual warm, sweet, innocent smile.

Frederick felt his heart being crushed at those words.

Lana - sweet, gorgeous, kind, generous, considerate, angelic Lana…

Lana - his only real friend and source of support after the horror Frederick had been forced to endure…

Lana - whom he had grown to care for…

Lana - who he thought cared for him…

Lana - whom he had spilled his entire insecurities and secrets to…

Lana - his psychiatrist...

Lana - who he trusted…

Lana - whom he had grown to…

...To love…

...Was a serial killer?

Will wasn't sure whether the other two killers noticed - Hannibal most likely did being, well, Hannibal - but the flashes of different emotions, thoughts and feelings flashes variously at rapid speed in Frederick's eyes were as clear as day to Will, who could pinpoint the meaning of each one.

It was the same as Will's reaction when he discovered Hannibal was a serial killer.

Hannibal - kind, gentle, caring, handsome, gentlemanly, elegant, supportive, considerate Hannibal…

Hannibal - his only real friend and source of support…

Hannibal - who he cared for…

Hannibal - who cared for him…

Hannibal - whom he had spilled his entire insecurities and secrets to…

Hannibal - his psychiatrist...

Hannibal - who he trusted…

Hannibal - who he is in love with…

…Is a serial killer.

Will felt a pang and after initial confusion, an odd idea came to Will, one that could explain the pang.

Will felt sympathy for Frederick Chilton!

It really was a crazy day…

"I…Is this a joke?" Frederick asked, unsure whether or not he wanted it to be.

Lana laughed at the hurt and confused expression on Frederick's face, saying, "Silly, of course not. Don't tell me you've never heard of the Artist?"

Frederick's eyebrows creased, a frown pulling firmly across his face as he asked, "The Artist?"

"A serial killer who used the body parts of their victims in their artwork." Will explained, shifting between his feet as he stared down at the floor.

Hannibal noticed - *of course he noticed, it was Hannibal for fuck's sake* - from Will's posture, the way his eyes darted around, how he bit the inside of his cheek and how his hands were fiddling around from within Will's pockets that his boyfriend was thinking about something. However, Hannibal decided it would be better to address it when they were alone, rather than in front of Lana and Frederick.

Scoffing, Frederick said, "Now I know that this is a joke. The Artist was arrested and he was a male by the name of Leonardo. There's no way Lana is the real killer."

Lana smirked as she noted, "I'm surprised that you still insist on calling me by my first name despite knowing my true personality."

Biting his lip, Frederick looked away, avoiding Lana's gaze. Kneeling down, Lana roughly grabbed Frederick's chin and forced her patient and love interest to meet her gaze. "Frederick, dear, I'm shocked. I thought that big brain of yours would've easily realised how easy it is to get away with a crime if you frame someone else."

Her nail scraping against Frederick's jaw as her fingers scrape against the rough and scarred skin, Lana smirked as she noticed the glassy,

teary and watery look in Frederick's eyes. He was doing well to hide it but Lana could tell how much the horror of the situation was eating away at him. It was like a cloud of darkness was looming over Frederick's entire being, consuming him entirely. It was obvious that Frederick desperately wanted to cry but was doing everything in his power to stop himself from doing so and to put up a guarded front.

Through gritted teeth, a noise came from Frederick. It sounded like an attempt to speak but came out as a jumbled mess of mumbled words. Rolling her eyes at the pathetic attempt to speak, Lana said, "Darling, you should know that I hate mumbling. Do speak clearly."

Anger, sadness, hurt and betrayal in his eyes, Frederick spoke once more, anger and bitterness in his tone, "If what you're telling me is true and you really are this so-called 'Artist' then you're not the woman I thought you were."

A tear rolled down Frederick's cheek, splashing against the tip of Lana's blood red nail.

"I hate you."

A deadly, threatening silence loomed in the air for a moment. The only sound that could be heard was the sudden heavy heaving of Lana's breathing before with an angry shriek, she reached out and wrapped her hands tightly around Frederick's neck, strangling him.

"YOU UNGRATEFUL, HYPOCRITICAL PIECE OF SHIT!" Lana yelled angrily, "IF ONLY YOU KNEW HALF THE SHIT YOU DID, YOU WOULDN'T BE SITTING THERE ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY, TALKING BACK TO THE WOMAN WHO MADE YOU SOMETHING WHEN YOU WERE NOTHING!"

Flinching, Will suddenly gripped Hannibal's sleeve tightly without even realising it. Hannibal raised an eyebrow, wondering what had gotten into his lover. "Are you alright, dearest?" Hannibal asked.

"I'm fine, I just feel…" Will trailed off, unsure of how to word what he was feeling, "Woozy."

"Would you like to go upstairs for some fresh air?" Hannibal offered.

Nodding, Will allowed himself to be dragged back upstairs by Hannibal, gripping his arm tightly and leaning slightly into it for support. Looking back over his shoulder, Will snuck a quick glance at Frederick's face and once again felt a pang of sympathy and remorse.

Despite that, Will didn't stop Hannibal from leading him away.

Frederick winced as he heard the door slam shut behind Hannibal and Will. Now alone with the person he used to crave to be with as much as possible, Frederick felt fear and panic. His face was turning blue from a lack of air, his vision starting to blur. Frederick hoped Lana might accidently go too far and kill him. However, just when his conscious started to fade, Frederick felt the grip on his throat loosen and suddenly air filled his lungs once more.

Lana scoffed, lacking any sympathy or remorse whatsoever as she watched Frederick desperately try to catch his breath. Turning away, Lana finally spoke, saying, "You don't have any right to judge me for killing, you know. Though I guess you probably don't remember."

Frederick raised an eyebrow at Lana, confusion on his face as he glared at her, gripping his throat and saying, "What do you mean? What don't I remember?"

"Oh come on, dear, don't you find it weird that you never remember any of our sessions together?" Lana asked.

It was true, Frederick did notice that and he had initially thought it was weird. However, his trust in Lana had made Frederick assume it was just a side effect from the therapy and nothing to worry about. Only now did Frederick actually think to question it.

"Does this place look familiar to you?" Lana asked.

Frederick's eyes widened in surprise as he asked, "How did you-"

"You've been in a room similar to this before - the basement of my residence back where you live." Lana responded.

"That's not true, I've never been to your house." Frederick pointed out, hoping he had found evidence that everything Lana was saying may be lies.

"Your conscious memory doesn't remember, of course. I erased it from your memory." Lana answered.

This made Frederick even more confused, his heart racing faster than he would've thought humanly possible. "W-What? How? W-Why?" Frederick asked, millions of questions floating in his head but few being able to find their way out.

“With hypnosis, silly. Every session, I placed you under hypnosis. I made sure I made your trance deeper and deeper each time and used the power of suggestion to mold you into a tool I could use to do whatever I desired.” Lana explained before turning back to face Frederick.

As Lana began her approach, Frederick gulped and tried to lean as far away as he could given his restraints. Grabbing a fistful of his hair, Lana forced his head back and whispered into his ear, “I made you clean my house, cook for me, tell me about your clients and their cases, dance, strip…”

Her voice becoming low and seductive, Lana purred.

“I fucked you multiple times, in multiple places and got to see each and every one of the scars Mr. Dolarhyde gave you.”

Frederick felt a piece of himself break. He never would’ve thought that the woman he had managed to fall in love with would ever take advantage of him like that, especially after he opened up to her about his past sexual abuse.

It was soul-crushing.

“I even made you kill.” Lana said, which made Frederick flinch.

Releasing himself from her old, Frederick turned his head away from Lana, saying, “That can’t be true! You can’t force anyone to do something they don’t want to do, even under hypnosis.”

Lana chuckled, replying, “It’s true you can’t make anyone do something they don’t want to. However, the power of suggestion can help persuade them to want to.”

“I don’t believe you!” Frederick exclaimed, his fists clenched tightly.

“Let me describe to you the scene, perhaps that will jog your memory. I commanded you to come to my house under the guise of an urgent session. Once you arrived, I put you into a trance and led you down into the basement where I had previously set up a camera to film us whilst I fucked you.” Lana explained.

As she spoke, Frederick felt vomit come up in his mouth at Lana’s words. Not caring, Lana continued, “However, I had forgotten my best friend who had a spare key to my house was also supposed to come

over at the same time I invited you so I could watch her kids. She came in with her key and found us while I was guiding you into a deeper trance whilst fucking you. Of course, I could not let her escape with that knowledge so-"

"-so you made me… *kill* her?" Frederick whispered, looking down.

"Exactly." Lana responded with a smirk.

"Why not just hypnotise her to forget and leave or something? Why did she have to die?" Frederick asked, tears now rolling freely down his cheeks.

"Dearest, you misunderstand. She didn't *have* to die - I *wanted* her to die. It was an act of loyalty to prove how obedient you were to me." Lana explained casually - *as though the life of her friend didn't even matter.*

Forcing himself to swallow the chunks of vomit coming up in his mouth, Frederick asked, "What happened to the kids?"

"I have no need for kids so with no one to take care of them, I had no choice but to order you to kill them too." Lana responded, "If it makes you feel better, you put up more of a fight for the kids than the mother."

How on Earth was that supposed to make Frederick feel better?

It made him feel worse! It made him feel even guiltier!

It made him hate himself more than he already did.

A sob finally escaped Frederick's throat and Lana knew at that moment that she had succeeded in breaking him. "How could you?" Frederick whispered, his voice soft before eventually getting louder as he repeated himself, "How could you!? I trusted you! That poor lady and her kids trusted you! How could you do this? I thought I had finally met someone I could confide in, someone who cared about me, someone who respected me, someone who *loved* me for God's sake, Lana!"

"I *do* love you." Lana casually replied, "That's why I'm doing all of this - for *you!* Don't you love me too?"

"I…" Frederick muttered, his gaze falling back to the floor, "I don't

know how I feel about you anymore."

There was a pause and temporary silence filled the air. It was clear that those words were hard for both of them to hear and say respectively. It cut them both deeply. Still, Frederick raised his head to meet Lana's gaze as he said, "What I know definitely is that I do not love what you've become and what you've forced me to become. I cannot accept murder, no matter the circumstances."

Lana raised an eyebrow as she replied, "When you say that, are you talking about me or you?"

Her only response was a small shrug of Frederick's shoulders, the confidence he had moments ago disappearing and being replaced by depression and heartbreak. Her expression becoming cold once again, Lana folded her arms and turned away, snapping, "Fine! Be like that. You'll be saying the opposite soon enough."

As she began to pace around him, Frederick's breath caught in his throat as he listened to Lana speak, "You know, Frederick, telling you about my real self has really lifted a weight of my chest. I can finally demonstrate before you all those wonderful trigger phrases I've implanted into your subconscious during our sessions together that I never got to let you remember before."

Frederick gulped, his body tensing as he tried to reason with the psychotic woman before him, "Lana, please, listen to me. It's not too late to make things right. You can turn yourself in. If we say that you helped me catch Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham, you might even get a reduced sentence-"

"Faire taire!"

Suddenly, like magic, it was as though someone had glued Frederick's tongue to the bottom of his mouth before sewing his lips shut. No matter how much Frederick tried to open his mouth or force any kind of sound whatsoever out of it, nothing would come out. Lana smirked in amusement as she watched her love interest struggle helplessly.

"Se figer!"

Suddenly, all the muscles, joints and bones in Frederick's body felt like they were glued in place. His entire body went as stiff as a statue and no matter how much he tried to, Frederick's body wouldn't move an inch. Fear forced it's way into Frederick's eyes as Lana approached him and leaned forward, her breasts pressing against his chest as she

leaned over to his ear and whispered.

“Esclave!”

Suddenly, everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Trigger Phrases:

~ "Faire taire" = make quiet (forces Frederick to be unable to speak).
~ "Se figer" = for a person to become motionless (freeze Frederick in place so that he is unable to move).
~ "Esclave" = to be a slave to someone or something (places Frederick back into a trance).

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